

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 759



JUNE 14, 1884

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1884

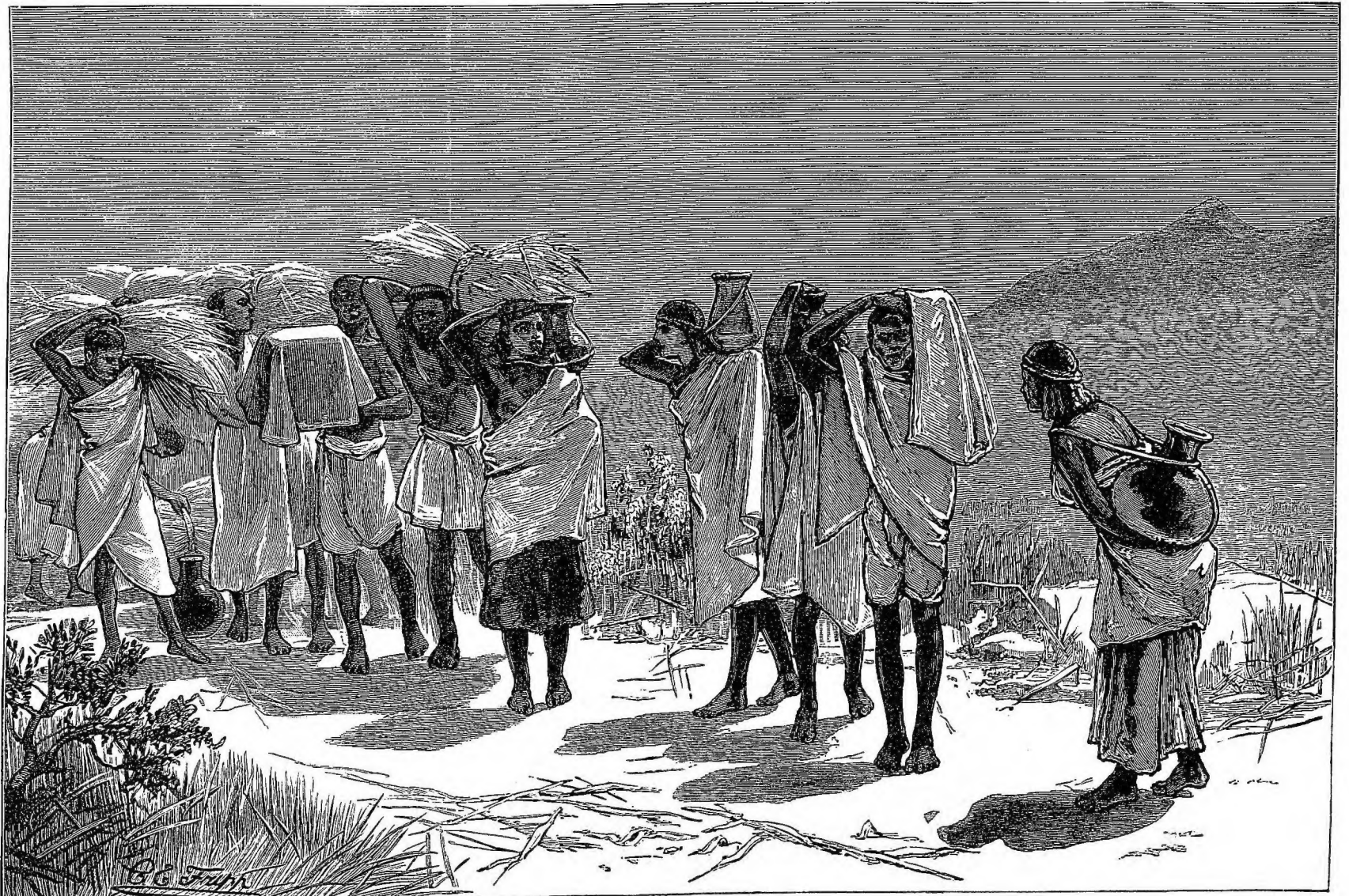
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## Topics of the Week

**MULTIPLE CONTROL.**—The negotiations with France are still proceeding; and Mr. Gladstone hopes that the result, after having received the approval of the other Powers, may be submitted to Parliament next week. Fortunately the decision, whatever it may be, will not be binding on this country until it has been sanctioned by Parliament, so that the nation awaits without impatience the communications which the Government may have to make. In announcing that the arrangement with France would not be irrevocable, Mr. Gladstone took occasion to deny the accuracy of many reports which have been current as to the negotiations; but he was unable to remove the suspicion that he had shown too much deference to French susceptibilities. It is improbable that the Government will absolutely pledge itself to withdraw the English troops from Egypt at a particular date; and it may be assumed that our responsibility for the welfare of the Egyptian people will not be wholly transferred to an International Board. That Mr. Gladstone has accepted the principle of what is called Multiple Control, however, is generally believed both in England and on the Continent. The new Board, whatever may be its constitution, may have to deal only with finance; but questions relating to finance have always been at the root of Egyptian difficulties, and those who control taxation and expenditure will really control everything. It is possible that the Government will secure a majority in the House of Commons even if the most unfavourable anticipations as to its policy prove to be correct; for few Liberals would like to take the responsibility of helping to place Lord Salisbury in power. But it is certain that the scheme of a Multiple Control is as repugnant to the majority of the Liberal party as it is to the Conservatives. If it is adopted, it will mean that England has shrunk from a task which she was bound in honour to undertake, and that she has practically handed over the Egyptian people to the tender mercies of representatives of the bondholders.

**THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.**—Some surprise has been caused by the swift decision of the Chicago Republican Convention in favour of Mr. Blaine. Usually a number of successive ballots take place before a choice is made, and often, as in the case of Garfield, a dark horse wins, because he has the fewest enemies. On the present occasion the struggle was practically between Messrs. Blaine and Arthur, all the other candidates being out of the running. Mr. Blaine's triumph does not seem to have given unmixed satisfaction to the members of the Republican party. This may be because he bears the character of being an accomplished political intriguer: for the quality in Mr. Blaine which inspires Englishmen with uneasiness will probably commend him in the eyes of his own countrymen. He is a fervent upholder of the so-called Monroe Doctrine, viz., that Europe has no business to interfere in the affairs of the Western hemisphere; and he believes in the "manifest destiny" of the United States to spread from ocean to ocean and from pole to pole. He gave us a taste of his views against the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, during the brief period when he was Minister. In fact, Mr. Blaine seems to favour the sentiments by which the Democrats, rather than the Republicans, used to be actuated; and it is rather ominous that the Irish vote, which is usually almost wholly Democratic, has been cast in favour of his candidacy. The interesting point now is whether the Democrats can find a man strong enough to run successfully against the Republican selection. Mr. Tilden is too old and feeble for the post—indeed, it is reported that he has declined to become a candidate; but if he can transfer his own popularity to his nominee, the struggle may be a close one, especially as the South is purely Tildenite. To the European observer there is marvellously little difference between the two parties, for the Democrats are very chary of declaring boldly for Free Trade, and, as has been noted above, Mr. Blaine has appropriated the ideas which, in the old slave-holding days, used to be regarded as the distinctive property of the Democrats.

**THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS.**—The defeat of M. Frere-Orban's Cabinet at Tuesday's elections might well be accepted as a caution by our own Liberal Party. A few years ago it would have been thought ludicrous to suggest that Brussels, or the big commercial Antwerp, could give a Conservative vote; but these two cities, like London and other large centres, have grown frightened at Radical extravagances. They have deliberately overthrown the Ministry, not because the policy of M. Frere-Orban and his colleagues was rash, but because these statesmen had not the firmness to dissociate themselves from compromising allies. Last year Belgium had its Franchise Bill. The Radicals declared that the country was impatient for universal suffrage. There had been no manifest signs of such impatience, but M. Paul Janson, the Radical leader, was pleased, like our own Mr. Chamberlain, to be scornfully facetious, and to ask whether, forsooth, the moderates expected the people to break into riots by way of proclaiming their opinions. The Ministry were wrong to take up a vacillating attitude, and to accept a compromise granting something like universal suffrage at municipal elections; by which they disgusted their most

reasonable followers without pacifying those who wanted "the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." Belgium has now shown that the experience of fifty-four years of orderly government and tranquil progress has not been lost upon it. The middle classes have recoiled from the dangerous experiment of committing the nation's destinies to the most ignorant classes of the community. "Let us first educate our masters," seems to be the cry, and meanwhile the Conservatives are going to be placed in office with a majority of thirty-two, which, considering there are but 164 members in the Lower House, is a very large one. A noticeable feature in these elections were the admirable arrangements made by the Post and Telegraph department for conveying the results of the elections rapidly to the country. The results, as fast as they arrived, were placarded in all the post offices for public inspection; and it was announced that individuals who wanted to have the results of any particular district brought to their own houses by telegram would only have to make an application to that effect twenty-four hours before hand, lodging a franc in payment. To people living outside towns this must have been a great convenience. Might not our own Postmaster-General take a leaf out of his Belgian colleague's book?

**THE LORDS AND THE FRANCHISE BILL.**—The Franchise Bill has made more rapid progress in the House of Commons than its most ardent supporters anticipated; and now we have to ask what are likely to be its fortunes in the House of Lords. In one of his speeches at Plymouth, Lord Salisbury plainly indicated that he intended to propose its rejection; but Conservative Peers do not always follow Lord Salisbury, and he himself does not invariably govern his conduct by the resolutions he announces to great public meetings. That the majority of the Lords cordially dislike the measure is probably true; and it is likely enough that they would throw it out if Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy, in the form it is now assuming, were to be definitely condemned by the nation. But, should the action of the Government with regard to Egypt be approved, it is by no means certain that the Upper House will venture to oppose a Bill which has again and again been sanctioned by overwhelming majorities in the House of Commons. Every one admits the immense importance of the question of Redistribution; and, if the Government really proposed to "jerrymander" the Constitution, the House of Lords would not only have a right—it would be its urgent duty—to do what it could to bring about a dissolution of Parliament. But Mr. Gladstone has distinctly pledged himself to suggest no fundamental changes in the existing system; and we may safely say that even to Lord Salisbury the Constitution does not appear to be for the present in any great danger. If, therefore, the Lords rejected the Franchise Bill, they would be credited by their opponents with no higher motive than a desire to resist the development of free institutions; and that would certainly not tend to increase their popularity among the classes who must become, sooner or later, the ruling power in the State.

**RIOTING AT NEWRY.**—It is somewhat unfortunate that, as regards Irish affairs, the Gladstone Cabinet usually manages to favour the secessionists rather than the loyalists. Yet this is the practical effect of the edict forbidding the Orange party from holding a meeting at the same time and place where a Parnellite assemblage is taking place, the Parnellites, be it observed, being "foreigners," who have come over the border to stir up agitation in a region hitherto peaceful. At the same time, it must be admitted that the Government were placed in an awkward position, and, short of issuing the ukase above referred to, their only logical course would have been either to forbid the right of public meeting altogether throughout Ireland, or to let the two parties fight it out without interference from the military or the police. As it chanced, the rioting at Newry was of a trifling character, but this was entirely due to the fact that there were some fifteen hundred soldiers and constables on the ground. It is doubtful whether the Nationalists have increased their popularity in the North by holding this Newry meeting, and astute Mr. Parnell evidently thinks they have not, for he advises that Nationalist meetings should not at present be held where the Orangemen are in a decided majority. The whole of this affair brings out into strong relief the difficulty of governing Ireland. There are two nations there, the Loyalists and the Nationalists. The former, who include many Roman Catholics in their ranks (for the present strife is political and social, rather than religious), are scattered all over the country, but they chiefly prevail in the North. Then comes the question: If unconditional independence were granted to Ireland to-morrow, would the Nationalist lion be content to lie down beside the Loyalist lamb? They might lie down, but one would be inside the other: we cannot say which.

**JOAN OF ARC.**—M. Paul Bert, of all men in the world, is agitating for an annual national holiday in honour of the "Virgin of Domrémy." What is more, the eminent vivisector has thought fit to deny that he ever described Joan of Arc in a scientific essay as being a hysteric subject and a visionary. It seems that a dozen years ago a writer in the *République Française* did apply these hard names to Joan; but M. Gambetta, fired with a patriotic indignation, denounced the man in the next number of the paper, and

dismissed him from the staff—which act of authority appears to have left a deep impression on M. Bert's mind. M. Bert's position in regard to Joan is, however, a curious one: he does not believe she was inspired, and yet he scorns the insinuation that she was either an impostor or a visionary when she swore that she was inspired. He must arrange all that as he can; we in England can only acknowledge his sudden passion for the heroine of Orleans as a token of the kindly feelings entertained towards us by the French Opportunists. The other day the *Daily News* proclaimed that our relations with foreign Powers were "most satisfactory and friendly;" the same morning a letter appeared in the *Times*, from Mr. Frederic Harrison, declaring that only scorn and execration of England were to be heard abroad. This also must be made to square somehow. Let it be enough for the admirers of Joan that we do not propose to organise a counter holiday in remembrance of Crécy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet—but the list would be too long; and that, moreover, we take some comfort in recollecting that Joan was not sentenced to death by Englishmen, but by a Court composed mostly of Frenchmen, and presided over by a French Bishop.

**WOMAN SUFFRAGE.**—Mr. Gladstone has seldom spoken more resolutely than in the speech in which he announced his determination to abandon the Franchise Bill if Mr. Woodall's amendment were accepted. The ground on which he based this decision was that if the Government left the question open the success of the whole measure would be endangered; but probably he was still more strongly influenced by the fact that he himself is opposed to the political enfranchisement of women. It is difficult to explain in any other way the almost vehement tone in which he insisted on the necessity of rejecting the proposed clause. Whatever may have been his reasons for the course he adopted, it was, of course, impossible that his warning should be disregarded; and many Liberals who would gladly have supported Mr. Woodall's amendment at once decided to withhold their votes. Those who advocate Woman Suffrage have, however, no reason to be dissatisfied with the results of the recent discussion of the subject. At no time since the proposal was first submitted to Parliament by Mr. Mill have the prospects of the movement seemed so favourable as they do now. It has been shown that the scheme commends itself to the judgment of a very large proportion—probably to a majority—of the Liberal party, that it is steadily gaining ground among the Conservatives, and that it is finding adherents among politicians who do not like it for its own sake, but who hope that the admission of women to the franchise would to some extent check the development of democratic policy. The triumph of a measure which is so popular among so many different classes cannot be very long delayed; and it is not absolutely impossible that it may become law even during the lifetime of the present Parliament.

**PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE BOERS.**—President Kruger and his colleagues have every reason to be satisfied with their cordial reception at Berlin. Englishmen can scarcely be expected to view this triumphant progress of the Boer delegates with equal complacency. They feel that but for Mr. Gladstone's cowardly surrender the British flag might now be waving over the Transvaal. As matters stand the Ministerial surrender has reinstated a foreign and hostile Power in the heart of Africa, which may give us an infinity of trouble. To say nothing of the probability that the Boers will "eat up" Zululand unless we step in beforehand, it is just possible that the recent "palaver" at Berlin may ultimately result in a German Protectorate in those regions. Germany, like France, desires "ships, colonies, and commerce," and, though our journalists very disinterestedly advise her to expend her energies in South America, she may prefer to get her foot in at the southern end of the "Dark Continent." Her colonial ambition, too, may be sharpened by European events. The illness of the Prince of Orange is of sinister omen for Dutch independence. It is not for a moment to be supposed that Germany would attempt the forcible conquest of Holland. But circumstance might arise inducing the Dutch to merge their separate existence in that of the German Empire. The prize is worth striving for. The territory belonging to Holland in Europe is small, although of immense value for purposes of commerce and war. But the Dutch colonies are a magnificent possession; and, next to Queen Victoria, Emperor William would be the greatest colonial sovereign in the world.

**CONVALESCENT HOMES.**—The Home Hospital Association has initiated a really good movement in proposing to establish houses for the reception of persons recovering from infectious diseases. The patients for whom it seeks to provide are those who can afford to pay. There are already convalescent homes for the poor who have been attended in ordinary hospitals—though many more of such places are wanted; but persons of the middle class have been hitherto without any refuges at all. They fall ill in small houses; there is a general desire among friends and neighbours to relegate them to some place where their disease shall not work mischief upon others; but in the end the first part of the cure has usually to be undertaken at home, and when the patients are convalescent they are hurried off to the sea-side with the infection still lingering about them. It is only too



true, as was pointed out at the meeting of the Association, that convalescents seldom dare confess what has been the matter with them, because lodging-house keepers would not receive them if they did. Thus lodgings in health resorts, so called, frequently become fever nests, in which holiday visitors are entrapped to catch sickness and to die. But infection may also be spread in public conveyances; and it must be hoped that when Convalescent Homes are instituted some plan will be devised for carrying patients harmlessly to these places. The best means that suggests itself would consist in special ambulance carriages, which Railway Companies would reserve for sick passengers, and run with certain trains at regularly appointed times—say once a day.

**GERMAN UNITY.**—There can be no doubt as to the reality of the enthusiasm manifested by the Germans the other day in connection with the ceremony over which the Emperor presided. It is true that Parliamentary institutions have not hitherto been very successful in Germany; but the majority of the people were thinking less of the future work of the Reichstag than of that national unity of which the new Parliament House will be one of the most splendid symbols. On the memorable day when, in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, King William was proclaimed Emperor, there were many observers who questioned whether the work which was then accomplished would last very long. The vast majority of the Germans, however, are as proud of the unity of their country to-day as they were thirteen years ago. And very good reason they have to be proud of it. Men who are not far advanced in middle life can remember the time when the voice of Germany was of little importance in the control of international affairs; but now she is admitted by all the world to be the foremost Power in Europe. Her terrible Chancellor can by a word baffle the schemes of the most powerful statesmen, and unimportant States become formidable if they are supposed to enjoy his favour. Even if the Empire exercised less commanding influence, it would still be popular in Germany; for it provides an effective guarantee that the country shall not be wantonly attacked by any of its neighbours, and it renders impossible the revival of the worst of those abuses which used to flourish under the rule of the petty princes. Whether or not the Germans are likely to secure perfectly free institutions, it is at any rate certain that they will never voluntarily go back to the veiled anarchy from which, by hard fighting, they have happily delivered themselves.

**FORTUNE-TELLING.**—There are many less pleasant and lucrative businesses than the giving of spiritualistic or thought-reading *seances*. If the performer does not make money directly, he does so indirectly, and he will become the pet of a circle of fashionable feather-heads. But to accomplish this successfully he must be decently educated, wear a good coat on his back, and mix in "Society." We do not recommend him to live in such an unfashionable region as Ocean Street, Stepney, and charge only sixpence a-head for his revelations. If he does, he may find himself brought into unpleasant contact with a code of laws based on the celebrated text in Leviticus: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." In these humane days he will not be hanged or burnt, but he may be sent to work the treadmill as a rogue and vagabond. The fact is that our laws are rather of the grandmotherly sort, both about betting and fortune-telling. The petty offenders are punished, the big offenders are not interfered with. The excuse, of course, is that the poor in such matters require more protection than the rich. But why should not poor people be allowed to have their fortunes told, if they please? Surely it is of more importance to know what sort of a person your future husband or wife will be, than to know where a pin is hidden away. If the fortune-teller is a humbug (and this is the legal excuse for punishing him), the consultee is the only person wronged. *Bona-fide* visitors never put the law in force against fortune-tellers; such prosecutions are always got up by informers. These fortune-tellers rarely claim supernatural powers, but they do claim to have a peculiar gift. This is just what is said by the thought-readers, whom Society runs after. What does the law know about the invisible world that it should brand a man as a "fraud" because he puts forth such pretensions? But, in any case, let us have fair play. Let all these preternaturalists, East End or West End, be punished; or, (which we prefer) let them all be left alone.

**CROQUET v. LAWN TENNIS.**—There are signs of a croquet revival this year. Lawn tennis is not altogether doomed, but young ladies are beginning to see that it is a game for men. If played by girls it should be played without corsets. Against a young fellow in flannels a girl in stays and a dress weighted with the cumbersome protuberances which are now in fashion has no chance. If she bestirs herself much in striking at the ball, her movements are not only ungraceful but injurious to health; if she cultivates grace, waiting in pretty attitudes for the ball till it comes within her reach, then there is no game. The proper tennis costume for a girl would be a Garibaldi shirt and a plain skirt as light as possible, but girls do not really care enough for tennis to make any sacrifice of personal adornment for its sake. What they like is the open air and the company of men (four girls playing at tennis with no man looking on is a very rare sight); but croquet offers these attractions

with additional possibilities in the way of talk. At croquet the fair player may wear what she pleases, strike picturesque attitudes, go through the game without hurry, and hold sweet confidential chat between the hits. At tennis there is no confidential chatting. Croquet is certainly slower than tennis to good players of the last game, but not slower than tennis as played by some young ladies, who only send the ball over the net once out of five tries. It might have been expected that the earnestness of some young men in their practice of tennis would prove fatal to the game as a sociable pastime. Enthusiasts of the racket play too well for their sisters and sisters' friends; and it is really no great fun after all to "field out" while a proficient in flannels amuses himself by cutting balls in so dexterous a style that they scarcely rebound, and must always be missed, even when a girl tires herself out in straining at them.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "FACTS AND FANCIES," drawn by Randolph Caldecott.



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THE 66TH EXHIBITION NOW OPEN from 9 A.M. to 6 p.m.

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THE CITY OF LONDON SOCIETY OF ARTISTS and GUILDHALL ACADEMY OF ART.

THE SPRING EXHIBITION NOW OPEN at the Galleries, Guildhall (by kind permission of the Corporation of London), from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Admission on Wednesday, 1s.; on other days, 6d.; Catalogues, 6d.—For particulars apply to Mr. EDWARD WILLIAM PARKES, Hon. Sec., Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

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The Bands of the 7th German (Magdebourg) Cuirassiers and the Grenadier Guards (conducted by Mr. Dan Godfrey) will play from 3 to 10 p.m., when fine in the Gardens, when wet in the Albert Hall, Recital in the Albert Hall, from 3 to 4.

The Gardens and Buildings will in the Evening be illuminated with Variegated Lamps, Japanese Lamps, and Electric Light.

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ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON, JUNE 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21, 1884, under the PATRONAGE OF THE QUEEN.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON, IN AID OF THE CAMBRIDGE FUND for OLD and DISABLED SOLDIERS.

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JUNE 25.—ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—MR. GEO. WATTS' ANNUAL GRAND EVENING CONCERT.—Madame Albani, Madame Marie Klauwell, Mdle. Marimon, Mdle. Tremelli, and Madame Antoinette Sterling. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Joseph Maas, Signor de Reszke, Signor Foli. Mons. E. Wagner (solo piano), Mons. Hollman (solo violin), South London Choral Association (400 voices). Conductor, Mr. Sidney Taylor, Tio Mattel, Venables, W. Coenen, and H. Parker. Prices 2s. to 10s. 6d. Programmes and Tickets at the Royal Albert Hall, J. B. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent Street, and 63, New Bond Street, the usual Agents, and at Artists' Ticket Office.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Mr. HENRY IRVING, Sole Lessee and Manager.—25th Performance.—To-night at Eight o'clock, and on the following nights, will be presented by the Lyceum Company Shakespeare's Comedy of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Benefited, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurs), Open Daily.—LYCEUM.

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MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Managers, Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN.—FAIRLY PUZZLED, by Oliver Brand, music by Hamilton Clarke (Last Representations). After which a Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled A LITTLE DINNER (Last Representations). Concluding with A DOUBLE EVENT (Last Representations), written by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed, music by Corney Grain. Morning Performances Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3; Evenings, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Admission 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Booking Office open from 10 to 6. No charge for booking.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE. WEDNESDAY, June 12, an entire change of programme. Revival of NOBODY'S FAULT; Musical Sketch, entitled SHOWS OF THE SEASON; and A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

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A LOVER'S QUARREL.

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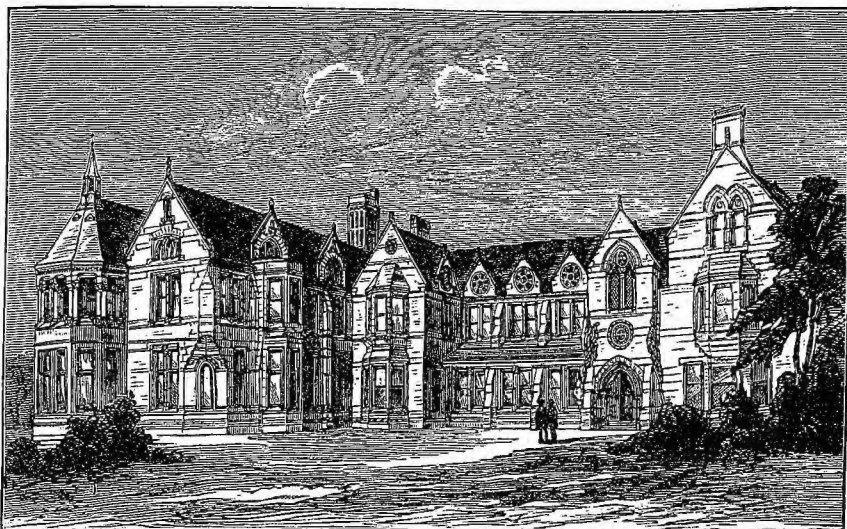


WITH ADMIRAL HEWETT'S MISSION IN ABYSSINIA

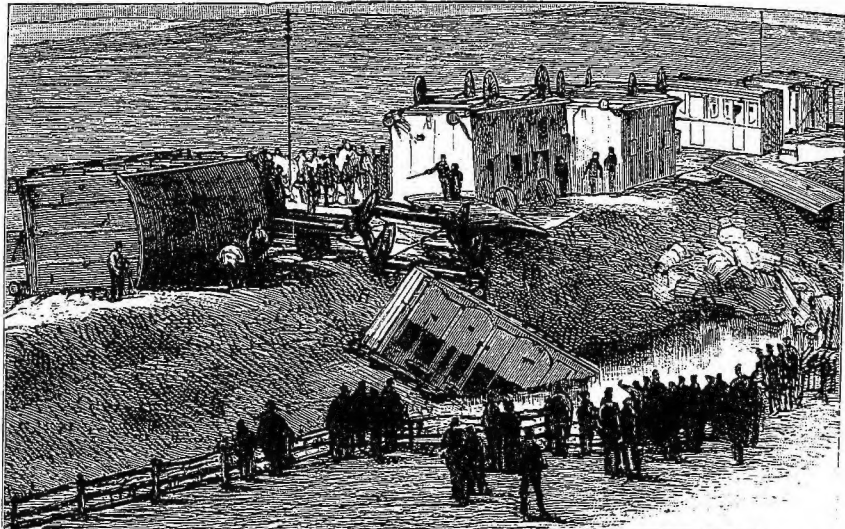
THESE sketches by our special artist, Mr. Frederick Villiers, represent Admiral Hewett's journey from Ras Allula's camp to Adowa, the chief town and capital of Tigre, the great northern division of Abyssinia, where King John had promised to meet the Mission. The King, however, owing, it is said, to the intrigues of certain French and Italians, has been suspiciously shy of an interview with the Admiral, and for a long time delayed his arrival upon the plea of sickness. Ras Allula had gone to see him with the treaty, and reported that he had had a successful audience, albeit that the King was disappointed that Massowah was not to be handed over to him. Eventually, however, the King came to Adowa, and on May 27th gave a favourable reception to the Admiral, who apparently succeeded in the object of his mission. King John, it is stated, said that but for the English he would not now hold the crown. He owed much to them, and knew that they only advised for Abyssinia's benefit. He placed himself unreservedly in their hands. The Admiral was expected to start on his return journey on June 1. To turn to the subjects of our sketches, on April 16th Ras Allula left Admiral Hewett in order to push forward to Mallaki to see the King, and the Mission continued their road under a comparatively small escort. Ascending the valley of the Mareb, the river which drains Northern Abyssinia and flows to Kassala, the great plateau of Hamasan was reached, and but few incidents of interest appear to have occurred, the natives crowding from all parts to be cured of various diseases. One of our sketches depicts Ras Allula's house, a thatched hut at Adi Tecklai, situated in a compound, but differing from the rest of the huts, the circular wall being made of rough stakes of wood, bound together or laced with brambles, and the interior draped with white linen. The sketches of the girls bringing in water, and a "Lady of Adowa," depict the type of women met throughout the journey. The latter is clothed in a long white garment, the correct ladies' attire in Abyssinia. The *Daily News* correspondent dwells upon their exceeding dirtiness, and states that the fashions of dressing the hair are various—some women wearing it short and curly like the men, others in thin plaits taken from the forehead, drawn back over the cranium in corduroy fashion, but knotted on the nape of the neck. Young girls will cut their scalps close, having a halo of fringe terminating in loose streamers behind. "This is indeed very pretty, especially round a handsome face, which is not by any means uncommon in Abyssinia . . . and would attract even the hardest-hearted of our Mission but for the nasal as well as the optical knowledge of their uncleanness." "Admiral Hewett," writes our artist, "presented each of the water girls with gay pocket-handkerchiefs and a new waist cloth, goods that would have taken years for them to purchase."

At one village the Mission heard that they had narrowly escaped an attack by some Abyssinian outlaws, who had looted a caravan, but nothing untoward actually occurred, and the limit of the Hamasan plateau was reached in safety, and a descent was then made to the valley of Gundet, where the Egyptians were so disastrously defeated in 1875, and their leader, the Danish Colonel Arendrup Bey, was killed. Their bleached bones are still lying on the ground. After passing through the valley various heights were ascended and descended until the great Dari Teclai plain was reached, one day's march from Adowa. The last day's journey was exceedingly trying, as the road lay up and down hill. From one height, however, a magnificent bird's-eye view was obtained of the





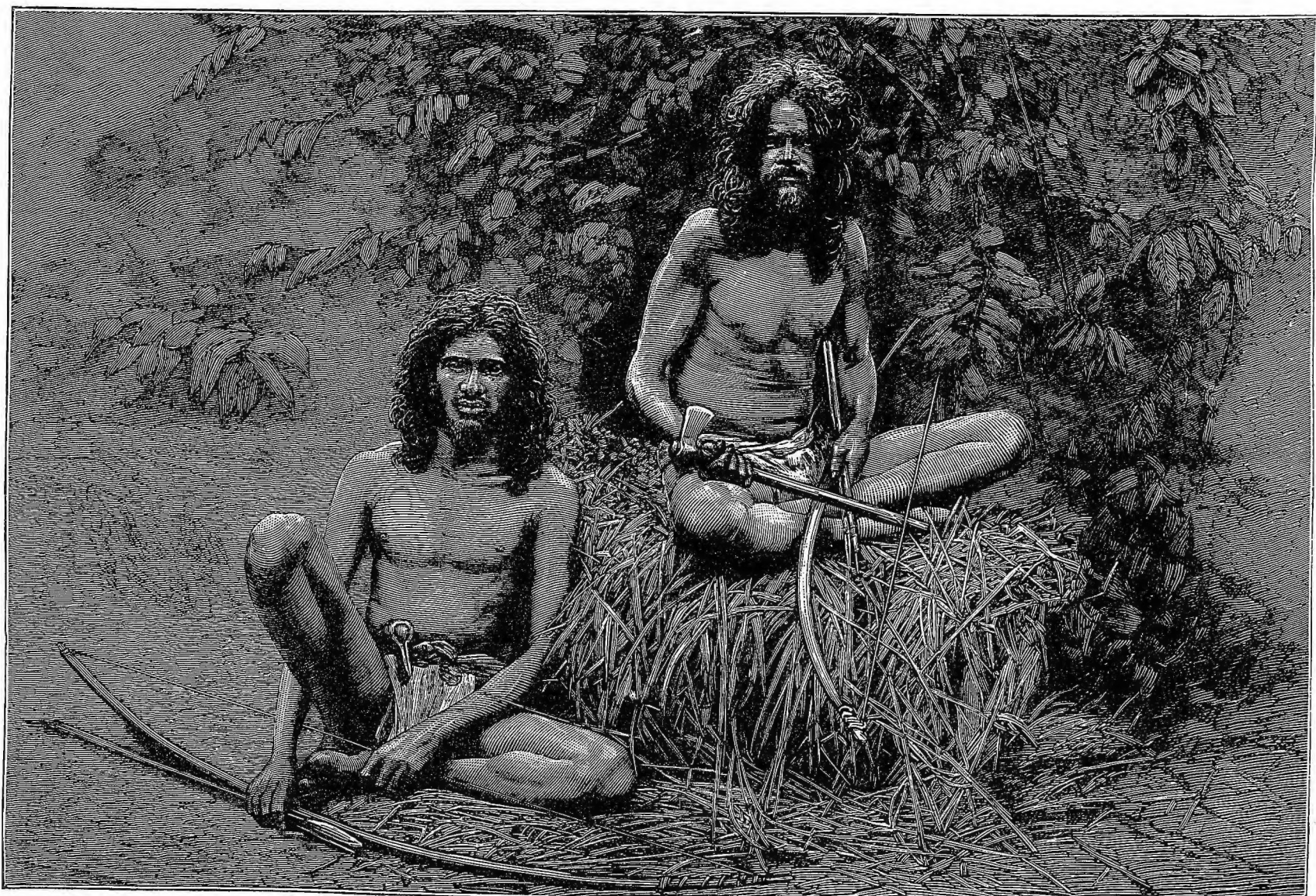
THE NEW BUILDING OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY UNION SOCIETY



THE FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT AT DOWNTON, NEAR SALISBURY



THE FAILURE OF THE ORIENTAL BANK—SCENE OUTSIDE THE COLOMBO BRANCH, CEYLON, WHEN THE BANK NOTIFIED SUSPENSION OF PAYMENT



VEDDAHS, OR "WILD MEN" OF CEYLON, ONE OF THE LOWEST TYPES OF THE HUMAN RACE  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

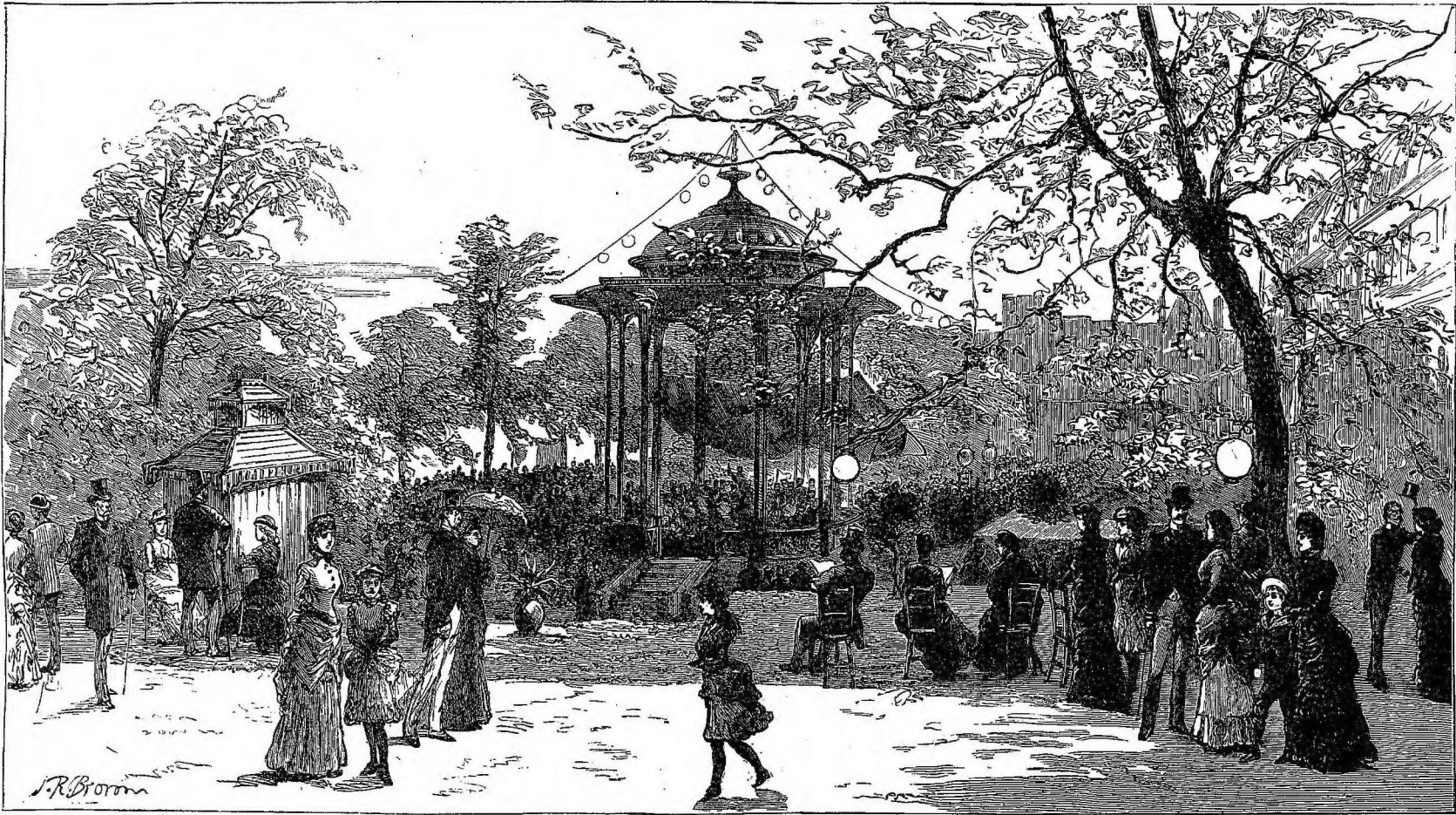




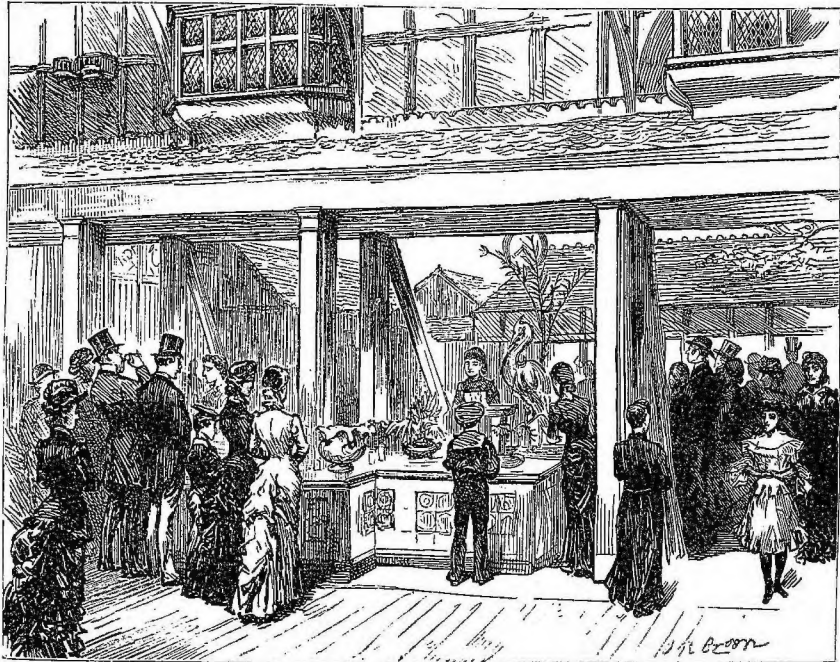
THE OLD ENGLISH SMITHY



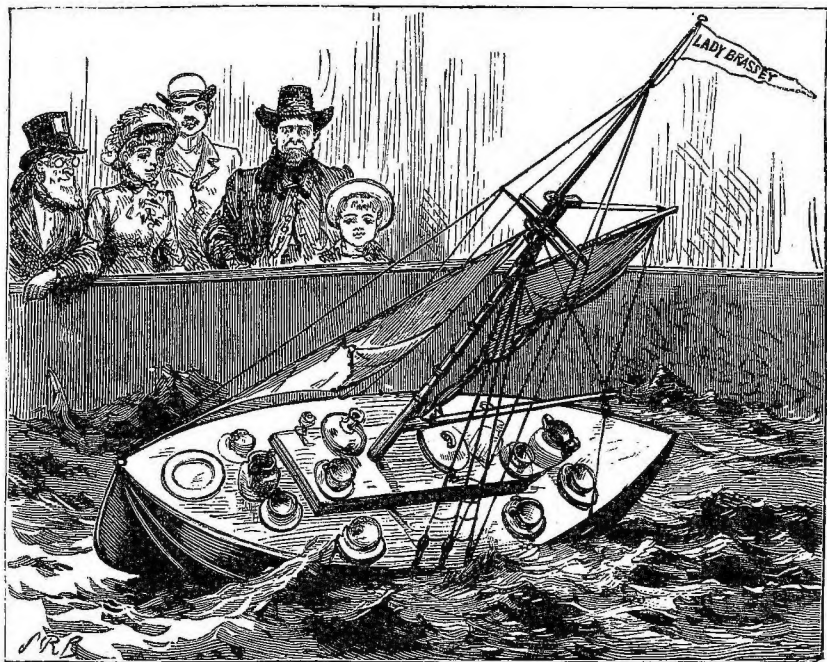
THE CINGALESE TEA-HOUSE



THE PROMENADE



A DAIRY



THE TEA-CUP IN THE TEMPEST



valley and heights which the Mission had traversed, and of this our artist has made a sketch. "A more wild, rugged, and inhospitable country," writes the *Daily News* correspondent, "could hardly be seen. In the far distance, cutting the horizon in a long level line, was the Hamasan plateau. At the base of its precipitous sides stretched the valley of Gundet; then a sea of hills piled up till they sloped into the plains of Dari Tealai, the end of which was shut in by the numerous hills over which we had just toiled. On the right and left of the plateau and valleys and plains, rugged mountains reared themselves up in volcanic confusion, in slopes so eccentric that they seemed to mix themselves with the thunderclouds which had just discharged their waters in some distant valley. Reluctantly turning our backs on this grand and imposing scenery, in fact a map of the greater part of our journey, we descended into the valley of Adowa; far away to our left, on one of its slopes, glistened from a mass of habitations the golden Coptic cross from its haystack cathedral."

Another panoramic sketch shows the town and surroundings of Massowah, the port which is so earnestly desired by King John, and the acquisition of which would so greatly benefit the trade of Abyssinia, that country at present possessing no seaport whatever. Like Suakim, Massowah stands on a coral island, and has been famed from time immemorial for its exports of gold, ivory, and slaves. It was handed over by Turkey to Egypt in 1866, and from thence was made the ill-fated Egyptian expedition into Abyssinia in 1875. The town contains 4,000 to 5,000 inhabitants, and is one of the hottest on the Red Sea coast.

#### CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY UNION SOCIETY

THIS engraving exhibits the home of this Society as it will appear when the new portion shall be completed. Like that already existing, it is from a design by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse. The complementary part now in course of erection will have a fine front elevation, with a covered open balcony on the first floor, looking on to St. John's College Chapel. Coffee and tea rooms and a spacious library will be provided, and the latest improvements in warming and ventilation adopted. The materials used will be the same as in the older portion (erected in 1866), viz., red brick, with terra-cotta and Ketton and Casterton stone dressings.

The older building contains the debating hall and the newspaper rooms. Many celebrated men have joined in the debates of this Society; among them Praed, Bulwer, Macaulay, Lyndhurst, Cockburn, Charles Austin, Villiers, Hallam, and others. Remnants of the past era survive in Lords Teignmouth and Grey, Archbishop Trench, Bishop Ellicott, Lord Houghton, Sir W. Pollock, and Sir J. F. Stephen. Nor should James Payn be omitted, who convulsed the House with his wit, nor Henry Montagu Butler, who enthralled it with his genuine and fervid eloquence.

Among the statesmen of to-day the Union claims as its apprentices Sir R. Cross, Mr. Beresford-Hope, Sir W. Harcourt, Sir C. Dilke, Messrs. Trevelyan, Fawcett, and Childers, and the French Ambassador, M. Waddington.

The foundation-stone was laid on Wednesday, June 4th, when Lord Houghton made an amusingly satirical speech, hoping that the Union would not deteriorate, as had the House of Commons.

#### THE DOWNTON RAILWAY ACCIDENT

THIS terrible disaster, which resulted in the loss of five lives, and severe injuries to more than twenty persons, occurred on the Salisbury and Wimbome branch of the London and South-Western Railway, on the afternoon of June 3rd. The train, which left Salisbury at 4.30 P.M., consisted of two engines and six or seven carriages, which, as it was Salisbury market day, were well filled. On a bridge over the River Avon, the whole train, but not the engines, left the rails, while running round a long curve at the rate of forty miles an hour. It proceeded some hundred yards after this, and then, still going at a fearful speed, rushed down an embankment. Carriage mounted over carriage, and the whole train became a complete wreck. The rails of the permanent way were twisted about like pieces of wire. The cries and shrieks of the wounded were heartrending. There were over one hundred persons in the train, and very few escaped without some hurt. The accident happened exactly opposite the Downton College of Agriculture. Professor Wright, his son, and the whole of the students turned out, and rendered most valuable assistance in extricating the dead and wounded. At the official inquiry, which is now progressing under Colonel Rich, it transpired that the permanent way had recently been repaired.

#### SCENE AT THE ORIENTAL BANK, COLOMBO

THE Colombo Branch of the Oriental Bank stopped payment quite suddenly on Saturday, May 3d, at 6 A.M. This was the chief bank in Ceylon. Two-thirds of the inhabitants, and numbers of passengers and immigrants had dealings with it. Many had deposited all their savings in it, and the Government paid its servants and creditors in Oriental Bank notes, besides having deposited a large amount of money in it. For several days trade was at a standstill, until Government guaranteed payment in full for all notes of that bank now in circulation.

Such an event had never before happened in the history of the Island. The utmost consternation prevailed everywhere, and, as natives are not in the habit of disguising their feelings, the most extravagant exhibitions of grief, despair, and indignation were displayed on all sides. Such a scene occurred in front of the bank, the iron doors of which were closed, and guarded by policemen.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. J. L. K. Van Dort, of Colombo.

#### THE VEDDAHs OF CEYLON

THIS strange and primitive race is generally considered to be the remnant of the aborigines of Ceylon, and its members are but a degree removed from wild beasts. They are divided into two classes, the Rock and Village Veddahs. The latter dwell in rude huts, and are a shade more civilised than the former, who, in caves or the jungle, maintain themselves as they best can, their greatest delicacy being a roast monkey. They are exceedingly harmless, and know nothing of history, religion (beyond a few relics of demon worship), or any art whatever, and are only skilled in archery. They are capital marksmen, and when they want to send an arrow to a great distance draw the bow with the foot. They cannot count, know of no amusement save dancing, and are popularly supposed not to laugh. During the Prince of Wales's visit, however, one of those brought before him managed to grin when presented with a threepenny piece. The Veddahs have, however, of late years shown some signs of becoming civilised under British influence, but comparatively few, to judge from the following note forwarded to us by Lieutenant A. W. Gordon, Royal Fusiliers, together with the photograph from which our illustration has been engraved:—"The two Veddahs were photographed by Mr. Scowen, of Kandy, and are two of the party of Veddahs brought up to Kandy for the Prince of Wales to see at the time of his visit to Ceylon, and I am not aware of any Veddahs having appeared until last month, in this or in any other civilised place, since that occasion. Had these men not been here once before, I doubt if the natives I sent after them would have been able to persuade them to come this time. The Veddahs are supposed to be the original inhabitants of the island, and though quite inoffensive people are sunk lower in barbarism than perhaps any other race in the world. They reside in the dense forests in the central and eastern districts of Ceylon, and live by hunting. They possess a language of their own, which is fast dying

out, and they cannot count beyond two. Their appearance is that of complete misery and apathy to all around. Efforts have been made by the Ceylon Government to encourage them to leave their wild life and to settle down in villages, which doubtless before long they will all do."

#### NOTES AT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION

ONE of the prettiest corners in the grounds of the Health Exhibition is the Fine Art Ironwork smithy, where various kinds of the more dainty portions of the blacksmith's work are carried on in a picturesquely fitted up forge provided with the old-fashioned bellows so dear to painters and poets of rural scenes. Turn round a corner, and you come upon a far different scene. In place of the dark and lurid interior of the smithy we have light and airy-built tea-houses, where Indian and Ceylon tea and coffee is handed you by trim and appropriately costumed maidens. These little establishments are welcome oases, where the weary visitor can take five minutes' welcome rest without turning into a hot and steaming refreshment-room, and in warm weather enjoy the truly Eastern luxury of a punkah. To pass from tea to the tea-cup, there is a capital exhibit in the porcelain department of dinner and tea services. These, fitted with indiarubber rings beneath, adhere firmly to a ship's table, be the sea never so rough—enabling the steward to dispense with the useful but unsightly "fiddles." The cup or plate will thus certainly stay on the table, but as yet nothing has been invented to prevent their contents being emptied into the lap of the unfortunate traveller. "A Dairy" represents one of several "working models" of what a sanitary dairy should be, and form one of the chief attractions of the Food Section. There may be seen beautifully stalled cattle and goats, buxom dairymaids churning butter or compressing cheese by the aid of the latest designed machinery, and there in ten minutes the town-ridden Londoner can learn as much of the mysteries of the dairy as during a week's sojourn in a farmhouse. Moreover, even Mr. Perkyn Middlewick could not but be satisfied with the butter thus made. Finally, we come to the promenade, being far the most favourite resort of the majority of the visitors, who think the gorgeous show of toilettes and their fair wearers, together with the sweet music discoursed by the Belgian Guides, the German Cuirassiers, or our own Guards, by far the most charming features of this modern Palace of Hygeia.

#### TAWHAI

AND

#### LADIES' GYMNASTIC DISPLAY AT LIVERPOOL

See page 572.

#### ANCIENT FONT AT MARMORICE BAY

THIS engraving, which is from a sketch by Capt. H. R. Wilson, of H.M.S. *Agincourt*, represents a marble bath or font, to which the notice of H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh was drawn by a Turk, when the Channel Squadron visited Marmorice on the 17th of March, and lay at anchor in that magnificent and nearly entirely land-locked bay. This remarkable relic of past ages is in singularly good preservation, and is about 5 ft. by 4 ft., and 2 ft. deep. The cavity containing the water is formed in the shape of a Latin cross, while at the opposite ends are those of Jerusalem and Malta. Another Maltese cross of a larger size adorns the side end of it. Round five sides of the Latin cross is an inscription in Greek letters, as follows, commencing and ending with a cross:—

† ΕΠΙΘΥΚΟ ΝΕΡΜ  
ΙΔΚΥΡΥ4ΚΟΝ4Ι4Υ4 ΝΟΝΚΕΥΕΙ  
ΛΩΟΥΤ4ΠΙΝΟΥΕΣΕΝΕΤΩΤΩ  
ΕΡΓΩΝΤΟ ΥΤΩ ΚΕΩΚΥΡΙΩΣΦ  
ΥΛ4ΣΗΤΟΥΕΚ4ΛΙΕΡΓΟΥΝΤ4Σ4  
# # # †

Close to where it lay are some ruins, probably those of a small chapel, or merely an arched building, which may have originally contained the font. It is surmised that in the Early Ages this may have been placed in the spot it occupied by the Knights of St. John, who possibly held their open-air meetings and preached from the rocky hillock close by, using the font for the purpose of baptising their converts; or it may have been required in connection with their ceremonials before proceeding on the Crusade. Adjoining it is a small well, evidently intended for supplying the font with water. Very probably the Saracens destroyed the building, but from the size and great weight of the font (about two tons), it has been left in the state in which it was found, close to the small picturesque town of Marmorice (ancient *Physcus*). The Duke has succeeded in purchasing it from the natives, and on its arrival in England it will prove an object of great curiosity to antiquarians. The inscription, when deciphered, will doubtless make clearer its history, which at present must remain more or less mysterious.

Captain Wilson saw in the adjoining field another curious relic, a four-sided stone basin, 18 in. by 14 in., and 18 in. deep. It is said that one of the captains of the Squadron hopes to obtain it before the fleet leaves Marmorice.

#### THE SMALL-POX EPIDEMIC AND THE METROPOLITAN ASYLUMS BOARD

THE illustrations represent some of the special arrangements made by the Metropolitan Asylums Board Chairman, Mr. E. Goldsborough, under the powers granted to them by Act of Parliament to deal *inter alia* with the severe outbreaks of small-pox which from time to time visit the crowded districts of our metropolis. The Board has erected several small-pox hospitals in various districts of London, but in times of an epidemic, as at present, instead of crowding these, they convey out of London as soon as possible any patients who can be safely moved, and treat them in Floating Hospitals on the Lower Thames at Long Reach, or in the large Camp Hospital pleasantly situated on the slopes of the Darent Hills. The *Castalia* is the most interesting of the hospital ships. On its capacious deck there has been constructed a series of detached huts, or barracks, built diagonally in *echelon*. The object of this scientific arrangement, which was planned by an old ambulance authority, Mr. Barrington Kennett, is to get the *maximum* of cross ventilation, and of open air in front of the windows, within the *minimum* of space. By the huts being placed diagonally, some of these windows in the long sides of the huts look edgewise on to the open river, thus affording light, fresh air, and a cheerful, though decidedly eccentric, appearance. The lower deck is divided into five separate wards, ventilated artificially by means of Boyle's large exhaust cowls. This magnificent hospital ship, the first of its kind, will contain on an emergency up to 200 patients (almost as many as all the London small-pox hospitals put together), and affords an equivalent of 2,000 cubic feet of air for each patient. The internal fittings are most complete, and have been arranged under the personal supervision of Surgeon-Major Bostock, C.B., a leading member of the Board.

The removal of patients from their homes to the hospitals or special wharves is effected by the Board's ambulance-waggons, over sixty in number. The conveyance from the wharves to the Floating and Camp Hospitals is carried out by a specially-designed ambulance steamer, the *Red Cross*, represented in our illustration. She is in constant use on the Thames carrying patients to hospital, while a

second steamer, the *Albert Victor*, brings back to London the recovered and disinfected cases. Messrs. Green constructed the works on the *Castalia*, and Messrs. Edwards and Syme built the *Red Cross*, Mr. Adam Miller acting as naval architect in both cases.

Some idea may be formed of the scale on which this grand work of the Board is being carried out when it is stated that recently in one day alone 100 fresh cases of small-pox were conveyed from their homes to the hospitals, and thus 100 new centres of infection were removed.

#### THE CYCLISTS' CAMP

WITHIN the past few years the army of Bicyclists and Tricyclists has increased to such an extent that we hear of special legislation with regard to them being enacted by provincial town councils, of deputations to the Ministry praying that the parks should be thrown open to them, of clubs without number, of central organisations—the Cyclists' Touring Club and the Cyclists' Union, formed to protect the interests of the Knights of the Wheel, and to treat with inn and hotel-keepers for special rates for their members at "commercial" rates, and now we have an International Cyclists' Camp—a species of Cyclists' Wimbledon, held at Whitsuntide, in the grounds of the Alexandra Palace. The idea originated with Mr. L. A. Edwards, the Hon. Sec. of the Wandsworth Tricycle Club, and the first meeting has taken place with a very fair measure of success. Tents were erected on the ground in which, for 8s. a day, cyclists could secure a bed, and be furthermore provided with three substantial meals, and a number of races were organised both for bicycles and tricycles, in addition to swimming and other competitions. The Camp was inaugurated on Friday, May 30th, and continued until Tuesday, June 3rd, the chief features of the proceedings being the races, which were closely contested by well-known cyclists, the church parade on Whit Sunday, the contest for the International Tricycle Challenge Cup, the presentation of the prizes by Lord and Lady Ashley, and a torchlight procession, and grand "social" round the camp fire. On Tuesday there was a Lawn Tennis Tournament, and a "tug of war," after which the Camp finally broke up. Such a gathering cannot but be extremely useful to cyclists, and we trust that the success of the past meeting may be enhanced next year. To denizens of a large town no more healthy or interesting pursuit can be followed than cycling. For bicyclists 100 miles a day—a return trip of 50 miles a day in the country—is no great feat, while the more humble-minded tricyclist can do his forty miles a day with very little practice. Moreover, cycling is now not the solitary pursuit it once was. There are "tandem" and "sociable" tricycles, in which two can make a journey together; while for those who like a party there is the family coach depicted by our artist.

#### "FACTS AND FANCIES"

THESE sketches, by Randolph Caldecott, are self-explanatory.

#### "DOROTHY FORSTER"

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 581.

#### A LADIES' CANOE VOYAGE

LAST October three adventurous young ladies from Guildford resolved to explore the Warwickshire Avon on board a Canadian canoe called the *Wenona*. They had a delightful four days' trip, visiting various interesting places *en route*, such as Warwick Castle, Charlecote Park, Stratford-upon-Avon, and Evesham, staying the nights at adjacent hostels, and eventually quitting the water and their vessel at Tewkesbury.

One of the party wrote an interesting record of the trip, accompanied by sketches. Some of the sketches we have reproduced, and are sorry that lack of space prevents us from giving much of the diary. It is worth reading, if only to show what three "unprotected females" could accomplish, when gifted with pluck, patience, and perseverance.

"We embarked," says the fair diarist, "at a farmhouse close by the churchyard of Stoneleigh, at a little landing-stage on the river. The contents of the canoe were our three selves, with our paddles, a punting-pole, a tow-rope, a waterproof sheet, a pair of wheels, sundry wraps and umbrellas, and last, but by no means least, a luncheon-basket."

For a while they got on prosperously, but some time afterwards they found themselves flying down a rapid stream, with a whirling, rushing, seething mass of water in front of them, a bridge beyond, and any possible number of terrible dangers ahead. Prudent counsels prevailed. The crew landed, and, with the help of the tow-line, which was tied to both ends of the canoe, they manoeuvred her round the awkward corner.

The morning upon which they left Warwick broke unpromisingly, and soon after the rain came down steadily and heavily. By general consent, accordingly, they held on under a willow-tree, put up their umbrellas, and studied the distances, which they had carefully copied from a guide-book.

Another sketch shows the party (aided by a member of the other sex) putting the *Wenona* into the water under the weir. Here the stream was very rapid, and a sharp look-out had to be kept for shallows, submerged trees, and stumps.

"After passing Welford Church," says the diary, "we came to Melford Mill, with some cottages on the right bank, and a narrow canal past them to the old lock. There was a rushing stream, and an open lock in front of us. Shall we shoot it? We decided to do so, and dashed through."

"After leaving Bidford, where there is a curious church, with Perpendicular windows and a squat tower, we passed under a high-wooded bank on the left, and in half-an-hour came to Cleve Mill and Lock, where we stopped for luncheon. A lovely place, an old grey mill with silvery willows on one side, and on the other two tall poplars and a plane tree. Between us and it a deep, tumbling, foaming weir."

"Beyond Harvington Lock we were going at a good pace, with a strong stream, when we suddenly saw a chain stretched across the river. C. called out to S., who was in front, 'Catch it, and hold on!' but before the words were out of her mouth S. had thrown herself flat on her back, screaming, 'Lie down, I can't hold it!' E. caught it and lifted it over her head, and C. slid under it somehow, so that we found ourselves on the other side, with our heads, much to our astonishment, still on."

One more extract. They had just reached Tewkesbury, and saw a friend, Mr. B., waving to them from the boat-house. "We knew that the end of our voyage had come. We landed with mingled feelings of satisfaction at having accomplished our aims, and sorrow that our four jolly days were over."

#### NOTES AT CLOVELLY

See page 586.

NOTE.—The portrait of Sir Bartle Frere, which we published last week, was from a photograph by Messrs. Lock and Whitfield, Regent Street, and not, as stated, by the London Stereoscopic Company.—We may mention that Tawhiao himself wrote his signature on the wood block, after Mr. Wigram had completed the drawing. It was very slowly and laboriously done, as a young schoolboy might have done it. It is reproduced in our engraving with every trembling touch.





HER MAJESTY, it is intimated, has authorised the translation of her new work into Gaelic.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE is to open, on the 2nd of July, the new wing of St. Mary's Hospital, and will receive purses in aid of the fund for fitting up its wards.

BOTH AT WINDSOR CASTLE and Buckingham Palace the utmost precautions are being taken by the authorities to prevent the perpetration of dynamite outrages at these Royal residences.

THE MAORI KING, after a brief illness, has resumed his inspection of the lions of London.

A DESPATCH FROM LORD GRANVILLE to the Dutch Minister in London expresses regret that the Government of Holland has declined his proposal of mediation between it and the Sultan of Acheen, which, if accepted, and which is now repeated, would, in the opinion of the British officials, procure the liberation of the crew of the *Nisero*. Their prolonged captivity, Lord Granville says, has created a most painful anxiety in this country, and is calculated to impair the friendly relations of England and Holland.

SPeAKING ON WEDNESDAY at the annual dinner of the Marylebone Liberal Association, Sir Charles Dilke expressed a doubt whether Lord Salisbury would be able to carry with him the Conservative peers in his opposition to the Franchise Bill. Referring to Lord Salisbury's assertion that the "G." article in the *Fortnightly*, if not written by the Prime Minister, did represent the foreign policy, Sir Charles Dilke said that in point of fact the views expressed in that article are as far removed from those of the Government as they are from those of Lord Salisbury himself. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., who presided, speaking of the present elation of the Opposition, was of opinion that they could not form a stable and united Government, and referred to the difference between the policy of Sir Stafford Northcote and that of Lord Randolph Churchill. Among the Liberals there never was greater unanimity than now. Whatever doubts some Liberals might have as to the Egyptian policy of the Government, there was absolutely none as to their foreign policy. The Opposition, he said, were ready to catch any votes by any promises; but ere long the Government would have to appeal to the constituencies against these combinations, and to expose these artifices.

IN A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE BLACKPOOL CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION, Lord Randolph Churchill assigns reasons for the withdrawal of his opposition to the principle of the Franchise Bill. Had he found, he explains, that his former position of resistance to the measure was that of the Conservative party generally, he would have adhered to it at any sacrifice; but, on the contrary, it is not the position of even any considerable section of the party, who, as a body, had recurred to the policy of "Mr. Disraeli." If the Government will give satisfactory guarantees as to the date of the introduction of a Redistribution Bill, he sees no reason for the rejection this Session of the Franchise Bill.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is "authorised to deny" that Mr. Herbert Gladstone wrote, or, before this week, had so much as read, the mysterious article signed "G." in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

THE ANTI-VACCINATIONISTS OF LINCOLN think, it is said, of starting a candidate of their own, neither the Liberal nor the Conservative candidate for the seat vacant through the death of Mr. J. H. Palmer being disposed to give a pledge to vote for the repeal of the Vaccination Acts.

UNDER A PRIVATE ACT OF LAST SESSION, there has been a public sale this week of the extensive public-house and other property of Sir Robert Peel in Tamworth, with the Parliamentary representation of which town the Peel family were so long identified.

AS ONE OF THE RESULTS of the introduction of the London Government Bill, a petition has been presented to Her Majesty in Council to grant a charter of incorporation for Greenwich. At a crowded meeting of the inhabitants on Monday, presided over by the Lord Mayor, a resolution in support of the petition was carried by a large majority.

THE LORD MAYOR has received the resignation of Mr. Alderman Hadley, whose rejection by the Court of Aldermen at the last election to the Mayoralty caused considerable excitement, and against whom a petition in bankruptcy was presented last week.

ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE BY THE WAR OFFICE for the issue of the Martini-Henry rifle to the Volunteer force to the extent of 12 per cent. of the total number of arms allowed it.

A SERIES OF CONFERENCES ON SANITATION is being held at the International Health Exhibition.

THE LORD MAYOR reminds the public through the press that tomorrow, the 15th, is Hospital Sunday, and he appeals to the community to contribute liberally to the Hospital Fund. His Lordship will be glad to receive donations at the Mansion House from those who may be absent to-morrow from church or chapel.

THE ANXIOUSLY-EXPECTED MEETING OF NATIONALISTS AT NEWRY on Sunday was held without any appearance of Loyalists on the scene, they having resolved to obey the prohibition of their counter-demonstration by the Irish Executive, although preparations had been made to join them on the part of 2,000 men from London and 3,000 from some of the great towns of England. A large body of military and police was, however, concentrated in Newry. Jubilant speeches were delivered by Mr. T. D. Sullivan and others, and one of the resolutions passed at the Nationalist meeting declared that no thanks for holding it were due to "the vacillating and unscrupulous Whig Ministry." After the meeting there was a rather serious collision between the Nationalists and the Protestants, the former threatening the Orange Hall, and assailing the houses of the Loyalists. The disturbances were renewed on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

ON SATURDAY MORNING, as a goods train from Folkestone was stopping at Sevenoaks Station to take in water, it was run into by another goods train from Deal. The two engines of the Deal train were thrown upwards, and then fell on their sides, and the driver and stoker of the foremost of them were killed.—On Saturday, too, a diabolical attempt was made to wreck a passenger train on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, on which, near Rochester Bridge Station, a piece of rail had been firmly fastened across the line. It was noticed by the driver of a Dover down express, but too late to pull up before the train passed over it. The engine was damaged, but the passengers received no injury greater than a severe shock at the moment of contact.

THE EXISTENCE OF A CREMATION MOVEMENT lends some additional interest to a recent discovery of a crematorium in the course of some excavations in the vicinity of Lincoln Cathedral. It lay within the limits of the old Roman city, and the "find" included a furnace, charcoal, a sarcophagus, and burial urns containing ashes or partly calcined bones.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death of the Hon. Emily Amelia Murray, for nearly twenty years one of Her Majesty's Maids of Honour, afterwards Extra Woman of the Bed-

chamber, authoress of "Recollections of the Early Years of the Present Century," and of "Letters from the Southern States of America," in her eighty-ninth year; of Mr. William B. Bragge, who as an engineer contributed signally to the construction of railways in Brazil, after which he became a managing director of the firm of Sir John Brown and Co., subsequently starting the manufacture of machine-made watches on the American principle at Birmingham, to the free libraries and museum of which town he was a liberal benefactor, in his seventy-second year; of Mr. Louis Behrens, brother of Sir Jacob Behrens, of Bradford, and until 1870 head of the house, which he founded in 1840, of Behrens and Son, of Manchester, where he was an active promoter of the Liberal cause and a munificent supporter of the local charities, in his eighty-fourth year; of Mr. Arthur Perigal, R.S.A., a well-known Scottish landscape painter, at the age of sixty-eight; of the Rev. J. M. Hawker, Prebendary and Treasurer of Exeter Cathedral, in his sixty-fifth year; and of the Rev. William Gaskell, on the verge of eighty, who for fifty-six years was a Unitarian Minister in Manchester, where he was held in general estimation. He was the husband of the late Mrs. Gaskell, the gifted novelist, and, besides contributing to theological literature, was the author of a work of merit on the Lancashire dialect.



THE season of French performances commenced on Monday evening, at the GAIETY Theatre, which has been brilliantly redecorated during the brief period that has elapsed since the house was closed for that purpose. As on the last occasion, Madame Judic is the star of the opening performances; and *Niniche*—that wild, extravagant, and not too decorous production of the humorous invention of MM. Hennequin and Millaud, the initial piece of her series of representations. Madame Judic comes to us once more in excellent health and spirits, and interprets the songs assigned to her with that inimitable grace, neatness of delivery, and *finesse* which have so long made her the delight of that class of Parisian playgoers who go to the theatre rather to laugh and be amused than to be stirred by the exhibition of strong passions. The distinctness with which every word—nay, every syllable—of her songs is heard, at the same time that the musical, if not very powerful, voice delights the ear, is thoroughly characteristic of the best of French vocalists of her class; but Madame Judic's style has nevertheless a stamp of its own. This afternoon she will appear for the first time in *Mamzelle Nitouche*—a later success of the Parisian stage; and before she leaves us she will play the heroine in *La Cosaque*, another novelty of which a version was lately performing at the ROYALTY Theatre. Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who will play Lady Macbeth this season, will make her first appearance at the Gaiety on the 30th inst., when Madame Judic's performances have been brought to a close.

Mr. Howard Paul's comedieta, *The Man Opposite*, adapted from the French, has been reproduced at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre by way of introductory piece, Mr. Derrick's *Confusion* still occupying the chief place in the programme. In this amusing trifle Mr. Paul himself plays the leading—indeed, the only—male part, Miss Kate Phillips sustaining the character of the lady; for the piece, which turns on the flirtations of an impecunious artist and a sprightly artificial flower-maker, who occupy garrets on opposite sides of a rather narrow thoroughfare, is substantially a duologue between these personages.

In like manner the late Mr. Planche's comedieta, entitled *Somebody Else*, has become the *lever de rideau* at the CRITERION, *The Great Divorce Case*, in which Mr. Wyndham and his company find full scope for their boisterous humour, being the principal item in the bill.

In the forthcoming revival of *Twelfth Night*, at the LYCEUM, Mr. Irving will play Malvolio; Miss Ellen Terry, Viola; Mr. David Fisher, Sir Toby Belch; Mr. F. Wyatt, Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Miss Rose Leclercq, Olivia; Mr. Calhaem, the Clown; Mr. Howe, Antonio; and Miss L. Payne, Maria.

Madame Blaze de Bury, a daughter of the authoress of that excellent little book of biography, criticism, and exposition, "Racine, Molière, and the French Classical Drama," published by the late Charles Knight among his "Shilling Volumes," is coming to London to give drawing-room readings of French classical dramatists. Under the pseudonym of "Jane Brown" she is a well-known and popular writer in France.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has determined to give his "supers" a chance of distinguishing themselves. Hitherto what gifts or acquirements of an elocutionary kind they may possess could not be known, since they have never been called upon to open their mouths. This, however, is just what Mr. Barrett, in his generous desire to promote any who are deserving of promotion, invites them to do at a forthcoming trial of skill. The prize will be awarded by ballot, each competitor being permitted to choose his own piece for recitation.

Mr. Barry Sullivan is engaged upon a rather extensive autobiography, which will be published under the title of "An Actor's Footsteps; or, Three Times Round the World."

M. Lubimoff, the Russian actor, is contemplating another attempt to win the favour of the English public in the character of an English actor. On the 19th inst. he will appear at a *matinée* at the Vaudeville, in a new and original comedy in four acts, entitled *A Young Wife*. The scene is laid in St. Petersburg.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—On Wednesday next, June 18, will be revived *Nobody's Fault*, by Arthur Law, music by Hamilton Clarke. Mr. Corney Grain will give, for the first time, his new musical sketch, entitled *Shows of the Season*; the performance concluding with a new second part, by Arthur Law, the music by Corney Grain, entitled *A Terrible Fright*.

A "BAZAAR OF ALL NATIONS" will be held on June 19th, 20th, and 21st, at 227, Clapham Road, on behalf of the Stockwell Schools. The stall-holders will adopt the costumes of the various nations.

"THE MEDIAEVAL MARKET."—A *fête* bearing the above title, and under distinguished patronage, will be held on the 18th, 19th, and 20th inst. in the Duke of Wellington's Riding School, Knightsbridge, in aid of a fund to buy and enlarge the Training College at Ealing for Teachers of the Deaf on the German system, by which those called "dumb" are taught to speak. Varied and attractive entertainments will be provided—a procession of children in character, as Canterbury Pilgrims, each afternoon at 2 P.M.; dramatic performances (including one by members of the Oxford University Dramatic Club); concerts, &c. The names of a number of ladies of rank appear among the stall-holders; one of these fair saleswomen, it may be noted, will deal in thoroughbred ponies, dogs, and every living creature which can be called a pet. Another will preside at the picturesque inn, built on the ruins of the ancient guest chamber. Family tickets may be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer, John Lydecker, Esq., 11, Longridge Road, S.W. One guinea will purchase three tickets for the afternoon of the first day, and three concert tickets.



A FRENCH VERSION OF "HAMLET," by MM. Alexander Dumas and Paul Meurice, is shortly to be produced at the Paris Théâtre Français.

ANOTHER MOUNTAIN RAILWAY has been opened in Germany, on the same principle as the Rigi line. It runs from Rüdesheim up the Niederwald, to the national Germania monument.

A BROOM OF ROYAL HAIR is used to sweep before the shrine of Buddha in the Buddhist College at Colombo. The hairs came from the head of the King of Cambodia, who was purposely shorn for this pious duty.

TWO FEMALE MUNICIPAL COUNCILLORS have been elected in France for the first time—much to the delight of Mdlle. Hubertine Auclerc and the Women's Rights party. One was chosen by the sober Normans at Houquetôt, in the department of the Seine Inférieure, the other gained a majority of 38 over her masculine competitors in the Lot-et-Garonne.

ART IN THE MIDLANDS is considerably appreciated, judging by the unusual success of the Art Gallery and Industrial Exhibition, now open at Wolverhampton. During the first week 17,000 persons paid for admission, besides the 1,450 season ticket holders, and the receipts exceeded 2,000/. Mr. Gladstone intends to lend the gallery the axe recently presented to him.

LOST AND STRAYED CHILDREN would no longer worry their families and the police if all parents on a journey or a holiday adopted the ingenious plan of a Danish emigrant to the Far West. This wise father linked his thirteen children together by a small rope tied round the arm, and in this fashion they travelled from Denmark across the Atlantic to Milwaukee, where their arrival created considerable amusement.

SOME INTERESTING RELICS OF BYGONE SEA-FIGHTS have been discovered at the bottom of the Mediterranean off the coast opposite Gibraltar—from eighty to one hundred large guns, mostly 24 and 32-pounders. Apparently the guns belonged to some large line-of-battle ship which sank in one of the old battles, possibly after Trafalgar, but their nationality is unknown, as there is no suitable apparatus at Gibraltar for raising the pieces.

A CURIOUS HISTORICAL PROCESSION will be organised in Belgium next August during the *fêtes* commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of railways into the country. The procession will represent all known means of transport, from the ancient Roman chariot to the modern electric railway, and will include the engine and carriages of the first train which ran in Belgium in 1834, manned by those officials and workmen engaged on the line who still survive.

THE TOMB OF THE UNFORTUNATE MAJOR ANDRÉ IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY has lately again been defaced by the stealing of André's head from his figure in the fresco on the monument. This is the sixth act of sacrilege at this tomb, the heads of André and of Washington—also prominent in the fresco—having each been taken away three times, it is supposed by relic-hunting Americans. This last theft was committed during an organ recital by Dr. Bridge, and a new head has now been deftly fitted on once more.

A WATER-CURTAIN has been established at the Grand Theatre, Munich, to guard against fire. It consists of a wide thin stream continuously poured from the top of the stage between the acts, completely enclosing the stage in a transparent curtain, and it was owing to this precaution that a recent fire which broke out during the performance of *Tannhäuser* was checked immediately. The Vienna Opera has been fitted with a similar apparatus, as the Viennese authorities, taught by sad experience, are just now most vigilant in these matters, and have appointed a Special Commission to superintend all the Austrian theatres. This Commission decrees that in future every house of entertainment is to be entirely detached on all four sides, and to be fifty feet from any other building.

THE INTERNATIONAL FORESTRY EXHIBITION at Edinburgh promises to be in a fairly complete condition by its opening day, July 1st. Situated in the grounds of Donaldson's Hospital, on the western side of Edinburgh, the Exhibition has ample room both for the indoor and the outdoor display, while it is most convenient of access. The building itself, now nearly finished, is entirely of wood, with three transepts and three domes, and is 640 ft. long, 55 ft. wide, and 45 ft. high. Here will be gathered probably one of the most important representations of the timber industries of the world—sections of wood from all countries, carvings, furniture, models of foresters' cottages, basket-work, india-rubber in all its varied applications, machinery for cutting timber, gums, resins, seeds, &c. The Queen sends a chalet from Balmoral, the Prince of Wales contributes Indian sporting trophies, and Mr. Gladstone will exhibit a presentation axe.

LONDON MORTALITY has declined during the past two weeks, and 1,476 and 1,458 deaths have been respectively registered, being 22 and 14 below the average, and at the rate of 19.2 and 18.9 per 1,000. These deaths included 36 and 45 from small-pox (the latter exceeding the average by 18), and the number of patients in the various hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board last Saturday was 1,096. There were 69 and 85 deaths from measles, 29 and 21 from scarlet fever, 22 and 16 from diphtheria, 74 and 88 from whooping-cough, 15 and 19 from enteric fever, 2 and 1 from ill-defined forms of fever, 16 and 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 3 from simple cholera. Different forms of violence caused 57 deaths last week: 45 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 22 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, and 9 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Eleven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,548 and 2,098 births registered, being 63 and 500 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 52.8 deg., and 5.3 deg. below the average.

THE PARISIAN GRAND PRIX, which is now the crowning excitement of the season, has only come into favour as a fashionable event within late years. Society chroniclers of some thirty years since scarcely ever mention races, which were then merely attended by real connoisseurs, whereas now every fashionable person affects to take interest in and know something about "le sport." The first Parisian horse race took place, as M. Clarétie points out in the *Temps*, just 158 years ago, when one of Louis XV.'s courtiers, the Marquis de Saillans, bet the Marquis de Courtanvaux that he would ride from the gate of the Versailles Palace to the Invalides in thirty minutes. All the Court laid wagers on the result. The way was carefully prepared by mowing the fields in a straight line to Sévres, and marked out by large upright posts tipped with white paper. The Marquis de Saillans fed his horse for three weeks on biscuits and champagne, when his wife begged the King to forbid her husband riding, lest he should get a spill. The gallant King complied, and the Marquis's valet rode his horse, and lost the bet, arriving just 2 min. 30 sec. after time. Louis XVI.'s Anglomaniac definitely brought racing into favour, but the Revolution checked so frivolous an amusement, though approving of chariot races on the Roman system, and it was not till Napoleon I. became Emperor that public race meetings were formally instituted in 1807.



## TAWHIAO, THE MAORI KING

As we are publishing Tawhiao's portrait, a few further details concerning him, in addition to those which we gave last week, may be of interest.

A well-informed correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* tells us that birth and rank exercise as potent an influence among the Maoris as among more civilised races. No Maori chief is truly great unless he can trace back his descent to the arrival of the first Maoris in their canoes from Hawaiki. This Tawhiao can do, and he carries his escutcheon on his face. The tattoo-lines which cover his countenance are heraldic marks.

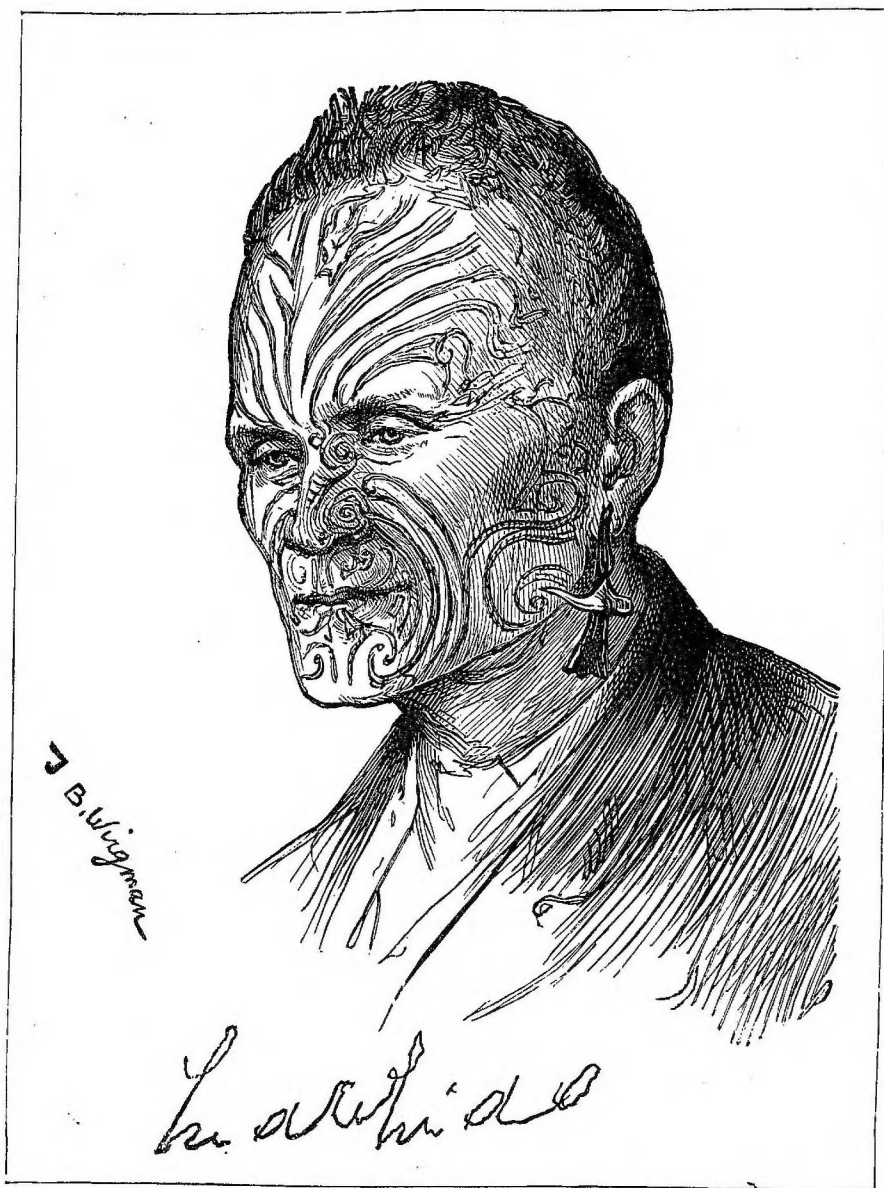
When, a quarter of a century ago, the German traveller Hochstetter visited New Zealand, he had an interview with Potatau, the King of the Maoris. He was then a blind old man, but he had been in his time a redoubtable warrior, who had fought many a bloody cannibal fight. "A tall young man," says Hochstetter, "of sullen mien, was presented to us as the King's son." This tall young man is the King Tawhiao of to-day. He was born about the year 1824, and on the death of his father he succeeded to the Kingship, under the title of Potatau the Second.

Unlike his father, he is not ferocious, nor does he possess his military instinct. During the Waikato war he would have made peace with the Europeans, but was overruled by the more turbulent chieftains. When the war was over, he withdrew into the solitudes of the "King Country," and saw no Europeans, though kept well-informed by his friends of all that was going on. We related last week how he emerged from his seclusion, and why he is now visiting this country.

Five chieftains constitute Tawhiao's retinue, besides Mr. George Skidmore, a half-caste, who speaks both English and Maori fluently, and accompanies the party as interpreter.

The *Colonies and India* describes Tawhiao as "a man of middle height, fairly robust, and with a face deeply scarred with tattoo-marks in a minute scroll-pattern. He has a large, intelligent head, and a mild aspect, and has been described as the most uncommunicative of men. His shark's tooth, suspended by a black ribband from his right ear, and a bunch of fish-bones hanging from his button-hole, are his only distinguishing ornaments."

Our artist was very courteously received by the royal party, and by Mrs. St. Bury, at whose residence, Demetre House, Montague Place, Russell Square, they are staying.



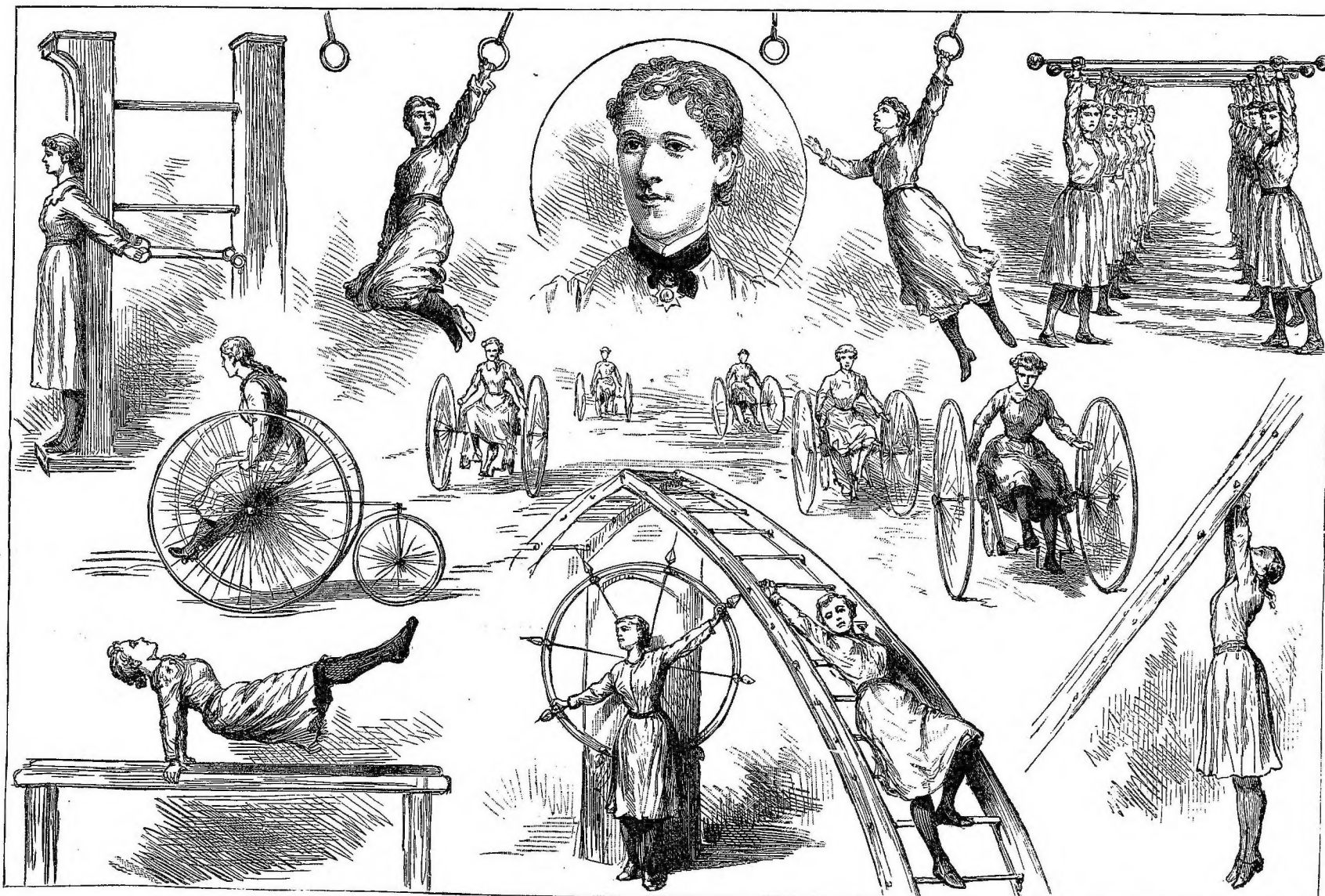
TAWHIAO, THE MAORI KING  
NOW ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND. DRAWN FROM LIFE

While the sketch was being made the King wore a white flannel coat; but he changed this before dinner (of which our artist partook in his company) for a black jacket, with buttons fastening up the back. He is fond of wearing a grey chimney-pot hat, and the combination of this with a pair of spectacles and a pipe (for he is as devoted a smoker as Prince Bismarck) is rather comical. The Maori party prefer very simple food, and are strict teetotallers.

LADIES' GYMNASTIC DISPLAY  
AT LIVERPOOL

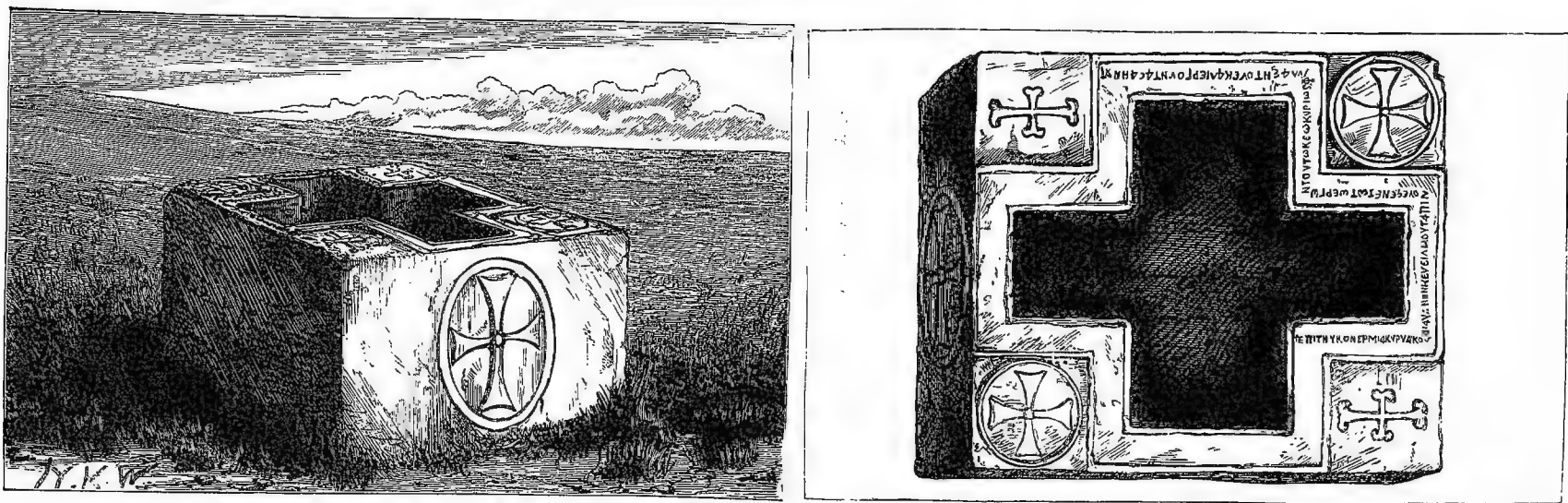
THE Liverpool Gymnasium, on Mount Pleasant, has been established under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, and is directed by Mr. and Mrs. A. Alexander. On Wednesday, April 9th, the lady pupils of the establishment gave an interesting display of their exercises. There was a fashionable attendance, under the presidency of Lady Forwood, and the proceeds of the entertainment were given in aid of the Children's Infirmary. The various items, including calisthenic and gymnastic drills to musical accompaniments, were gone through with remarkable precision. It was a very pretty sight to see the pupils, numbering over 100, march into position with no other apparent direction than the sound of a gong at intervals. The pupils also displayed their powers in a most surprising and graceful manner upon the various and intricate apparatus specially provided for the ladies' classes. Tricycle riding was a special feature, several movements being executed with great skill. The whole programme was gone through in such perfect style as to merit the highest praise. The portrait at the top of our engraving is of Mrs. Alexander.

A CURIOUS WEDDING CONTRACT was recently made in Washington. A poor young clerk fell in love with his employer's daughter, and finding the affection mutual summoned up courage to "ask papa." The father consented, on condition that the lover should hand him over his savings of 400l. for two years. At the end of that time, if the couple were happy and prosperous, the father would return the money, but if the match turned out badly, and the young man failed to support his wife, the father would reclaim his daughter, and keep the money. The young pair have begun the experiment.

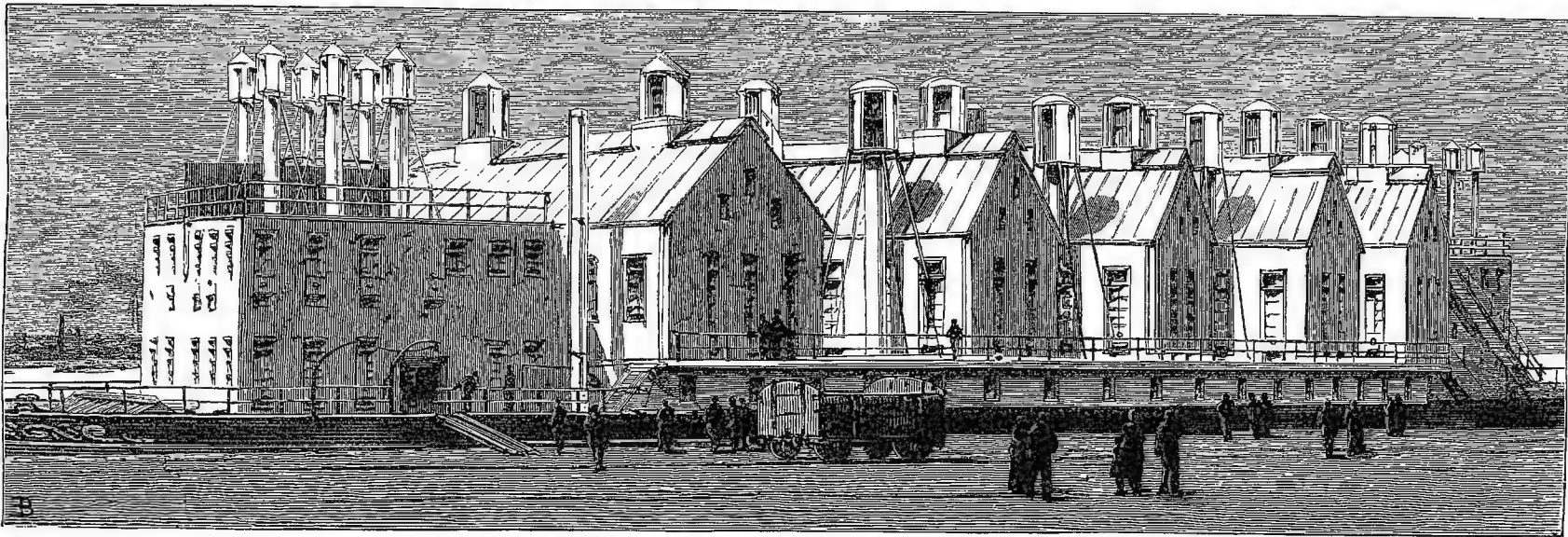


A GYMNASTIC DISPLAY BY LADIES

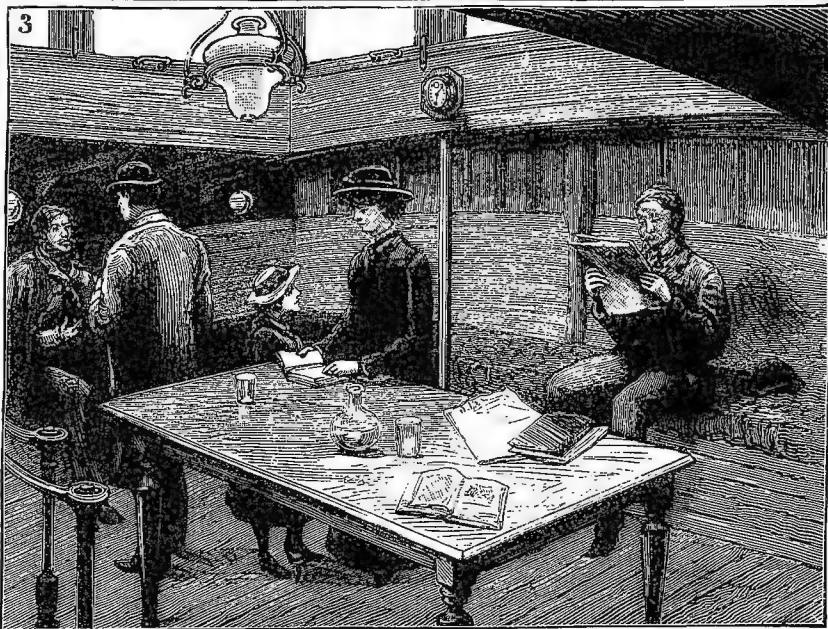
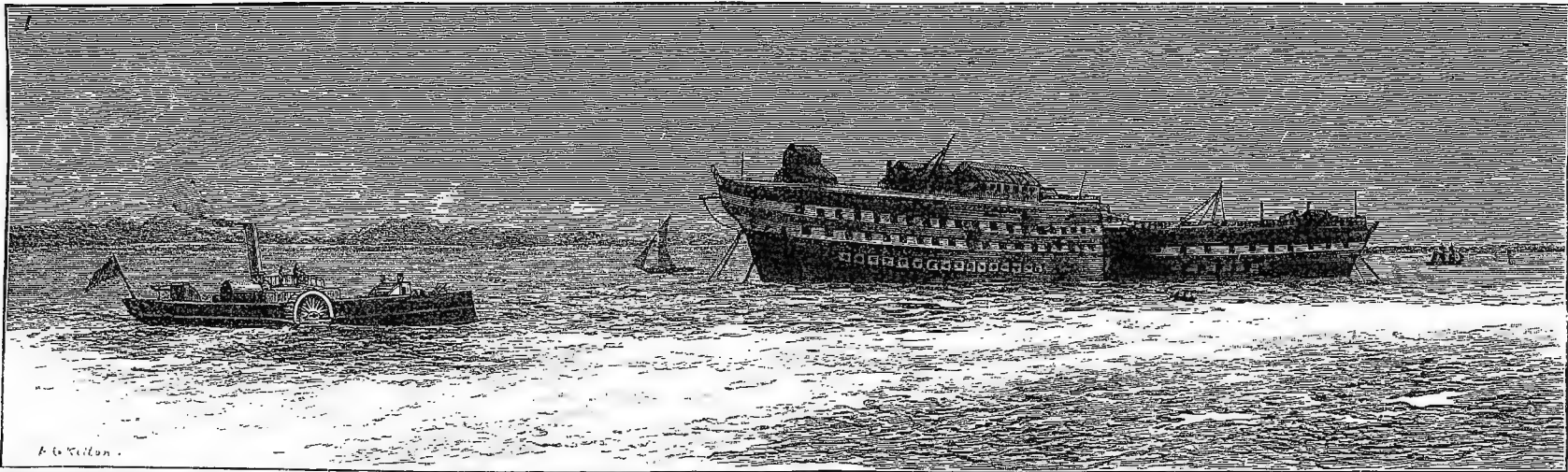




AN ANCIENT MARBLE FONT FOUND NEAR THE TOWN OF MARMORICE, ASIA MINOR



THE TWIN-SHIP "CASTALIA," CONVERTED INTO AN "ECHELON" SMALL-POX HOSPITAL AT LONGREACH



1. The "Red Cross" Carrying Patients to the Hospital Ships at Long Reach.—2 & 3. Cabins of the "Red Cross."  
THE "RED CROSS" NEW AMBULANCE STEAMER





THE news from EGYPT continues to be fairly good, and from all accounts the military authorities are displaying more energy and taking more decided action than they were permitted to do some weeks since. All movements of Egyptian troops have now to be sanctioned by the British Commander-in-Chief, General Stephenson, and further reinforcements are being sent to Upper Egypt, the latest movement being the occupation of Komoumbi, the starting-place of the old and well-watered caravan route to Suakim, and whence the communications between Assouan, Korosko, and Dongola can be maintained. Dongola and Korosko are both tranquil, and in no danger of attack, but there are renewed reports of the fall of Berber and of massacres by the rebels. Other rumours, however, state that the Mahdi is discouraged, and that he is at variance with Sheikh Saleh, of the great Kabbabish tribe, the most powerful in the Soudan. Intelligence has been received from Khartoum, but no letters from General Gordon. A messenger who had been sent by Major Chermide had succeeded in reaching the beleaguered city, and had received despatches from an "Englishman." Unfortunately on his return he was captured and killed by the rebels between Berber and Suakim. His companion, however, escaped, and reported that Khartoum was perfectly quiet, that the town was in the hands of the regular Government, and that provisions were cheap. This is also corroborated by Major Trotter at Wadi Halfa, who telegraphs that a man arrived from Khartoum declares the city to be strongly fortified, and that there was a plentiful supply of wheat. An armed steamer was keeping up a brisk fire upon the rebels every day. The river was rising well, and the enemy, fearing that an army of relief was being despatched from Cairo, were about to return to Kordofan. The Mahdi also is stated to have retired from El Obeid, whence come distressing rumours of cruelties to the priests and sisters of the Roman Catholic Mission, who it is stated were exposed naked and without food in the streets for three days, and subsequently thrown into a dungeon, because they refused to embrace Mahomedanism. Mr. Vincent is continuing his tour of inquiry amongst the Fellahs. It appears that the reports of the inability of the peasantry to pay the taxes levied are grossly exaggerated. From Suakim we hear of the usual desultory fighting, and that Osman Digma has been largely reinforced. A stronger force of marines has accordingly been despatched thither.

About the forthcoming Conference there is much speculation, but little trustworthy news. The negotiations with France, to judge by a general report, have taken a more favourable turn, but while England does not bind herself to limit her occupation of Egypt to a certain number of years, she fully acknowledges the principle of evacuating Egypt when the Egyptians can be considered able to govern themselves. The supposed arrangements which have been made have formed the chief theme of discussion for the Continental Press. The French journals are very anxious that Europe, and England in particular, should appreciate the magnitude of France's concessions, and admire M. Jules Ferry's magnanimity, and the *Debats* warns England not to forfeit France's friendship; the Russian *Nord* praises Mr. Gladstone's policy, and reminds his opponents that Russia is by no means prepared to let England absorb Egypt; Germany concerns herself chiefly with the financial side of the question, and is extremely solicitous with regard to the share to be borne by the present bondholders in the expenses of the proposed English loan of 8,000,000*l.*; while Austria is roundly laughing at England and her Premier for having Egypt and the road to India in their grasp, and for then unsolicited throwing up the former and endangering the latter. "How will this end?" asks the *Neue Freie Presse*. "Will England allow Mr. Gladstone to ruin her position and to forfeit her right of being heard in future on the Eastern Question? Will she be content to lose for ever the possibility of withstanding Russian rivalry in Europe and in Asia, or does party interest in England really run so high that the Liberals, to keep their Gladstone, and with him their power, will permit England's world position to be shaken?"

In FRANCE the Constitutional Revision Bill has been favourably reported upon by the Committee, which highly praised the determination of the Cabinet to ask for only partial revision, declaring that a radical revision would "be contrary both to the interests of the Republic and to the manifest will of the country," and moreover would not have any chance of passing the Senate, which in the present case, appreciating the desire shown by the Lower House for harmony and concord, will "do its duty, and thus acquire a fresh claim to the confidence of the Republican democracy." That the House was not so enthusiastic in favour of the measure as the Committee, however, was manifested by a vote declining to consider the matter immediately, and postponing its discussion until after the first reading of the Conscription Bill. Another measure, M. Naquet's long-debated Divorce Bill, has been more fortunate, as a second reading has been agreed to in the Senate by 151 votes to 108. The chief remaining political item has been Prince Victor Bonaparte and his mysterious income of 1,600*l.* The reports that the money had been furnished by the Empress Eugénie, the King of Italy (his uncle), the Princess Mathilde, and M. Moët Aubert have all been authoritatively denied, and it is now traced to the Bonapartist Deputies, who each subscribe 160*l.* a year, in order to remove the Prince from his father's influence, and render him politically independent.

To turn to outside affairs, England and the Conference apart, the Morocco Question is the chief foreign difficulty. The proposed "rectification" of the Moorish-Algerian frontier has raised a storm of indignation at Madrid; but, meanwhile, the French Representative at Morocco, M. Ordega, has been received at Tangiers with almost Royal honours, and seems likely to carry all before him. In Madagascar the negotiations with the Hovas continue, though apparently with as yet no result. The Queen and Prime Minister have refused the French terms, but have made counter-propositions, by which, in place of a cession of territory in the island itself, an indemnity would be paid, and several islands belonging to Madagascar would be given up. At the same time, the Queen is not neglecting precautions in case of war. Colonel Digby Willoughby has been appointed Adjutant-General, and is busy reorganising the army, and there is a curious story of the British Union Jack having been hoisted amid "great rejoicings" at Antananarivo. From Tonquin come the news of the new Treaty signed by the King of Annam and M. Patenôtre at Hué, by which Annam and Tonquin are placed formally under a French Protectorate.

In GERMANY, on Monday, the Emperor with great pomp laid the foundation-stone of the crowning memorial of the re-establishment of the Empire and the Unification of Germany—the new building of the Imperial Reichstag. The ceremony was attended by all the magnates of the Empire, and was begun by Prince Bismarck reading an address from the Emperor, in which he declared that, "owing to the glorious successes in arms of the united German tribes, the German Empire, by God's Providence, has risen in undreamt of power and splendour." "Be this work," he concluded, "indefeasibly devoted to the cause of order, freedom, justice, and equal love for all classes of our people. May peace at home and abroad watch over the building of this house. For

evermore be this house a symbol of the indissoluble bonds which in great and glorious days united German lands and races, and made them the German Empire." The Bavarian Member of the Federal Council then handed the Emperor a silver trowel, and expressed the hope that His Majesty will live to see the completion of the edifice. The President of the Reichstag presented the hammer to the Emperor, who struck the stone the orthodox three times—his example being followed by the chief personages present—the concluding taps being again struck by the Emperor, this time in the name of the Empress.—The only other item of interest has been the visit of the Transvaal delegates, who have been warmly received by the Emperor and people. The opportunity for a fling at England was too good, of course, to be lost, and a deputation highly complimented the Boers on their "heroic struggle with England for their independence," and hoped that it would be vouchsafed for Germany and the Transvaal Republic to carry on together the work of civilisation and colonisation.

In AUSTRIA the anarchist, Stellmacher, accused of the murder of the money-changer Eisert, and of the policeman Bloch, has been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. He maintained his coolness to the last, and in defence made a vigorous speech in favour of Socialism, stating that Socialists did not wish to deprive other people of all property, of which they recognised two kinds—one necessary for body and mind, and the other unnecessary, and the chief cause of existing social misery. He vividly described the sufferings of the poor, and was manifestly strongly moved when he came to those of his own family, his father having been a shoemaker, who died from want, and his mother and sister also having perished from hunger.—Another sensational trial is that of the six persons indicted for the burning of the Stadt Theatre. These include Herr Busovic, the lessee, and five of his employees.—The usual meeting of the Austrian and German Emperors will take place at Gastein, where the latter is expected on July 15th.—The Crown Prince is writing an illustrated account of his recent travels in the East.

In INDIA much attention is naturally being directed to the proposed Anglo-Russian Commission for the delimitation of the Afghan frontier. It has been decided that Major Charles Macgregor shall represent the Indian Government on the Commission, which will also probably undertake a survey of the River Oxus east of Khoja Saleh. The murderers of Lieutenant Dupuis have been tried at Quetta, one man and two boys, Yassingai Pathans, being convicted. The man was hanged and his body burned, the boys being transported for life. Several others were sentenced to imprisonment for concealing the murder. Bengal harvest prospects have greatly improved, as there has been a plentiful rainfall in the northern and eastern districts. The tea crops also promise well. The Treaty between Nepal and Thibet has now been definitively signed, and a dangerous war is thus averted. Thibet agrees to pay ten lakhs of rupees with interest within seven years, and to punish the marauders who have robbed Nepalese traders.

In the UNITED STATES the Republican Convention last week nominated Mr. Blaine as the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and General Logan as Vice-President. In the "platform" adopted, President Arthur's administration was approved; and maintenance of the duties upon foreign imports was advocated, "so levied as to afford security to our diversified industries, and protection to the rights and wages of labour." A foreign policy was favoured "which shall keep us from entangling alliances with foreign nations, and which shall give us a right to expect that foreign nations will refrain from meddling in American affairs." The "restoration of our navy to its former strength" is recommended; and legislation against large holdings of land, especially by non-resident aliens, is promised. This last is a sop to the Irish, whose vote Mr. Blaine largely relies upon. His nomination, however, is not wholly approved by the Republican party; and the Democrats, who meet to choose their candidate on July 8th, will probably frame their "platform" so as to attract malcontents. Mr. Tilden has declined to be nominated on the ground of failing health. The *New York Times* and the *Herald* both declare that Blaine's nomination will result in an overwhelming defeat, and a disorganisation of the Republican party. The *Evening Post* pronounces that the minority believe Mr. Blaine to be "personally base, and to represent, more than ought else, the base, corrupt, and dangerous element in American politics."

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the Roman Municipality elections have resulted in the triumph of the Clericals, owing to the abstention of the Extreme Liberals.—In RUSSIA the Siberian cattle plague has assumed enormous proportions.—In NORWAY Mr. Stang, the Minister of State, has died. The new Conservative Ministry has now absolutely broken up, and the King is communicating with Professor Broch and Mr. Sverdrup, the leader of the Liberal party, with a view to a compromise. The new Ministry will probably be formed of the more moderate Liberals, and be Conservative in character—save on the points of the veto and Ministerial responsibility, which the King will certainly have to concede.—In BELGIUM owing to the Radical sympathies of the Ministry, the Clericals have secured a substantial majority in the elections. M. Frère d'Orban and his colleagues have accordingly resigned. There have been consequently serious riots in Antwerp and Brussels.—In HOLLAND the *Nisero* question has been discussed in Parliament, M. Vanderhoeven expressing his confidence that good relations would be maintained with England in the matter.—SERVIA and BULGARIA are having a pretty quarrel with regard to certain disputed frontier territories, and half a hundred Servian Radical refugees whom Bulgaria refuses to give up.—*Cherchez la Russie*.—In SOUTH AFRICA there is still much anxiety with regard to Zululand. Further encounters have taken place in the Reserve between the Usutus and the Loyals—the former being defeated. Sir Henry Bulwer left unexpectedly for the Reserve, on June 5th.—In AUSTRALIA the Victorian Parliament opened in Melbourne on Tuesday. The chief topic in the Governor's speech was the transportation of French criminals, and he significantly declared that if the protests of the Inter-Colonial Convention, the diplomatic action of the Imperial Government, and the exertions of the colonies proved ineffectual to prevent the projected deportation of recidivists to the French possessions in the Western Pacific, the Victorian Ministry would be prepared to adopt such measures as might be necessary.



THE QUEEN will probably return to Windsor about Friday next. Meanwhile Her Majesty continues her usual quiet life at Balmoral with the Princess Beatrice and Princess Leiningen, walking and driving daily, frequently to Abergeldie Mains, where the little Princesses of Edinburgh are staying. The young Princesses also often come to Balmoral, but no visitors have been at the Castle this week. On Sunday the Queen and Princesses were present at Divine Service in the Castle, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Royal party at Wiesbaden have experienced very unfavourable weather, and thus have been prevented from making many excursions. On Sunday the Prince

and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service at the English Church, and on Tuesday they, with the King and Queen of Denmark, and the children of the King and Queen of Greece, spent the day with the Duke of Nassau at Königstein. The Prince and Princess and their family were expected to leave for England last (Friday) night.

The Duke of Edinburgh is now with the Channel Squadron in Bantry Bay, where the vessels are engaged in torpedo practice. The Duchess reached Cronstadt in the *Osborne* on Sunday, being received by her brother, the Grand Duke Alexis, and went straight to Peterhof, where a large party of Royal guests had assembled for the Grand Duke Sergius' wedding. The bride-elect, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, and her father had already arrived, and the Princess makes her State entry into St. Petersburg to-day (Saturday). The marriage ceremony will be solemnised to-morrow in the Winter Palace.—Princess Louise will open the new wing of St. Mary's Hospital on July 2nd. The Princess has sent a quantity of plants to the churchyard of St. Peter's, Hackney, now being laid out as a public garden.—The Prince of Orange continues in a very precarious condition, his naturally weak health making the present attack of typhoid fever additionally dangerous. He has been suffering from lobular pneumonia and internal hæmorrhage. His father, the King of Holland, is also ill at Carlsbad, and cannot leave to join his son.



THE BISHOP OF LONDON presided on Wednesday at the annual meeting of the friends of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. In the report presented a satisfactory progress of the operations of the Mission during the last year was chronicled. The income has exceeded that of the previous year by about 500*l.* The whole amount received from all sources was 13,293*l.*

AT A PUBLIC MEETING in the Mansion House on Monday, presided over by the Lord Mayor, to promote the Bishop of St. Alban's Fund for the supply of the spiritual wants of the extreme East of the metropolis, Lord Salisbury, speaking at some length, dwelt on the division of the metropolis into areas inhabited by the rich and poor respectively. A district like that embraced in the operations of this fund, and inhabited exclusively by a working-class population, could not be expected to provide the requisite means of public worship, and therefore help was needed. It was not churches that were wanted in the first instance, but clergy and mission-rooms. They desired first to obtain the congregation, and then to build the church. The meeting was addressed by the Bishop of St. Alban's, who said that with only about 8,000*l.* a year coming in, there were thirty-three mission clergy and thirteen mission districts supported by the fund. Resolutions in support of it were passed.

AT A MEETING on Tuesday of London Welshmen, M.P.'s for Welsh constituencies, and others, it was agreed that there should be a memorial of some kind to the late Dean of Bangor. Lord Aberdare and Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., were among the speakers, the latter, as a frequent opponent of the late Dean, remarking that he always showed himself an honest adversary and a worthy foe.

CANON BIRCH, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, has resigned the valuable living of Prestwich, near Manchester, which is worth 1,200*l.* a year, and of which the Earl of Wilton is patron.

A MEETING was held in the Salvation Hall, Regent Street, on Monday to listen to addresses from the three curates who recently left the Church of England to join the Salvation Army. The first of them who spoke, the Rev. W. E. Oliphant, gave as one of the reasons for the step which he had taken that "he preferred going by an express to an ordinary train."

MR. SANKEY is already leaving, and in a few weeks Mr. Moody will leave this country for the United States. They are completely satisfied with the success of their Cis-Atlantic mission.



THE BENEDICT JUBILEE.—Sir Julius Benedict (of whom a portrait and biography were given in *The Graphic* of February 23 last) came to London on the invitation of Malibran in 1835, and in July of that year he gave his first annual concert, at which Malibran, Grisi, Rubini, Balfe (then a vocalist), and Lablache sang. For forty-nine years the Benedict Concerts have been an annual gathering of all the talents. Last Saturday the veteran knight stood before the public at the Albert Hall in the almost unique position of giving a fiftieth annual concert. Small wonder that tears appeared in the eyes of the octogenarian musician when, after expressing his gratitude to the English people for the favours shown him during nearly half a century, he alluded to the fact that he was on the eve of retiring for ever. That despite the fourscore years Sir Julius will attain next November, his vital energies remain unimpaired, was evidenced by the amount of work he performed at his benefit. On Friday he conducted the whole of his sacred masterpiece, *St. Peter*, a task which at his advanced age must be considered a veritable *tour de force*. Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Winch, and Santley, sang the solos. On Saturday Sir Julius accompanied several songs, and played his own fantasia *Erin*. Mesdames Pauline Lucca, Sembrich, Rose Hersee, Scalchi, Sterling, Misses Griswold, Zimmerman, and Francis, M.M. Wilson Barrett, Lloyd, Maas, McGuckin, Santley, Foli, King, Kuhé, and others took part in a miscellaneous programme. Lady Benedict played, and Madame Arabella Goddard emerged from her retirement to pay a mark of respect to her old colleague and friend. A feature of the performance was the playing by Madame Sembrich of the slow movement and rondo from the violin concerto in D of De Beriot, who first introduced Benedict to the London public in 1835. It is tolerably well known that Madame Sembrich was a violinist and pianist before, at the instigation of her professor, Herr Stengel, now her husband, she became a vocalist.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—There is absolutely nothing to chronicle at the Italian Opera. M. Rey's *Sigurd* is said to be still in rehearsal, and Madame Patti is announced to make her *réentrée* to-night in *La Traviata*, when it is expected she will, in the ball scene, wear diamonds said to be worth 10,000*l.* During the past few days repetitions have been given of *Roméo et Juliette*, *La Gioconda*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and other works already heard this season.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—The last Richter concert will be given on Monday, when Beethoven's Choral Symphony will be performed. Last week Liszt's third Hungarian Rhapsody in D was played for the first time in England. The term "rhapsody" is no misnomer for this wild work, in the course of which the Hungarian dulcimer,



an instrument not unlike an overgrown harmonicon of the Lowther Arcade, prominently figures. Berlioz's symphony, "Episode in the Life of an Artist," was performed, but the selection announced from *Parsifal* had to be abandoned, as the bells were out of tune. On Monday the *Pastoral* symphony was performed, and Mr. Dannreuther played Dr. Hubert Parry's piano concerto in F sharp.

**THE GERMAN OPERA.**—The performance of Weber's *Der Freischütz* on Friday was distinctly inferior to that of *Die Meistersinger* on the previous Wednesday. Complaints of the stage management were not unmerited, and some of the artists were not quite familiar with their parts. Frau Schuch Proska appeared, however, at her best as Aennchen. The recitatives generally used at Covent Garden were dispensed with, and the original dialogue was restored. On Wednesday *Lohengrin* was produced, and Madame Albani sang Elsa for the first time here in the German tongue.

**CONCERTS (VARIOUS).**—Mrs. Dutton Cook, known before her marriage as Miss Linda Scates, a highly promising pianoforte student of the Royal Academy, has now resumed her profession as a teacher of pianoforte playing, and last week gave a morning concert. Mrs. Dutton Cook contented herself with a very modest share in the programme, playing, to the evident satisfaction of the audience, the Sketch and Study in B flat of Mendelssohn; with Mr. Coenen the Rondo, Op. 73, of Chopin; and with three of her pupils a quartette by Mr. Walter Macfarren.—At Mr. Hallé's concert, on Friday, the piano quintet in A minor, Op. 14, by Saint-Saëns, and a duet in G for violin and viola by Mozart, were produced for the first time at these concerts. The duet was a labour of love on Mozart's part. Michael Haydn had, in 1783, been ordered by the Archbishop of Salzburg to compose duets for violin and tenor for the prelate's own use. Michael Haydn, however, fell seriously ill, and Mozart, coming to his bedside daily, composed two duets, and sent them to the Archbishop in the invalid's name. This pious fraud was confessed by Michael Haydn's biographer in 1808.—On Monday Señor Sarasate gave his last violin concert, and played Herr Max Bruch's so-called "Scottish" concerto, in which Scottish national melodies are tortured and disfigured in veritable Teutonic style.—Concerts have also been given by Madame Ziméri, Miss Josephine Agabeg, Mr. C. Gardner, the Musical Artists' Society, Miss Daugar, Miss Edith Brandon, Madame Frickenhaus, and numerous others.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Mr. Carl Rosa has acquired the English rights in M. Massenet's *Manon Lescaut*, which he will produce in Liverpool at Christmas.—Mr. Sims Reeves has definitely abandoned his projected American tour.—Sir Arthur Sullivan has given publicity to the fact that the conductorship of the Birmingham Festival was never offered to him.—Madame Christine Nilsson, who is soon expected in London, will, it is stated, remain in Europe this winter.—It is said that the fabric of the Thames Embankment Opera House is about to be sold for old building materials.—The old jig "Green Sleeves," danced by Miss St. John in *Nell Gwynne*, is alluded to in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and it has recently been traced back to 1580, when Richard Jones had licensed to him "A New Northern Dittie of the Ladie Greene Sleeves."—The Bach Choir will celebrate the supposed bicentenary of Bach's birth by a special concert at the Albert Hall, on March 21st next.—Mr. H. Leslie, Dr. Stainer, and Mr. E. H. Turpin have been appointed adjudicators at the Tonic Sol Fa contest, at the Crystal Palace, on the 14th inst.—Madame Minnie Hauk has arrived in London.—The renowned contra-bass player Bottesini will give a farewell concert at St. James's Hall next Tuesday.—The death of Wilhelm von Lenz, recently reported from St. Petersburg, happened on January 31st, 1883.



THE frontispiece of the *Portfolio* is a beautiful etching, by Mr. Damman, of Greuze's "Head of a Girl." Further on is "A Study," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The face of the woman in this study is full of charm, and the letterpress draws attention to the exquisite harmony with the face brought out in the portrayal of the hand. Of the articles, perhaps "Wallingford, Streatley, and Basildon," by Alfred J. Church, with its excellent illustrations, is most interesting.

In the *North American Review*, Professor Henry Wade Rogers considers, in "Harbouring Conspiracy," extradition laws and treaties, with especial reference to the folk who delight in dynamite.—Henry D. Lloyd, on "Lords of Industry," explains the process of Ring-forming and establishing trade monopolies.—Mr. Walker Kennedy deals justly and severely with Mr. Walt Whitman.

*Cornhill* is fairly up to its ordinary mark. "The Giant's Robe, though not yet concluded as a serial, has already been published in book-form.—"Dr. Greatrex's Engagement" is ingenious, and has much in it that should amuse Mrs. Weldon.—"Some Literary Recollections" is concerned this month with Calverley and Dickens.

In *All the Year Round*, "Chronicles of English Counties" are written in a vigorous vein. They are full of historical information, and at the same time are entertaining.—The short stories are interesting; of these we may especially notice "A Calculated Revenge."

Mr. H. D. Traill gives in the pages of the *English Illustrated Magazine* "Two Centuries of Bath." The article is charmingly written and well illustrated.—Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards has much to say on "Drawing-Room Dances." The illustrations are also good.—Mrs. Craik continues in her own bright way "An Unsentimental Journey Through Cornwall," while Mr. Henry James begins a short story, "The Author of Beltraffio."

Besides the two serials in *Longman's* there is a short but powerful and pathetic story, by Mr. Anstey, which bears the vague title, "Shut Out."—Mr. Grant Allen also has much to tell us that is instructive about "An Ancient Lake Bottom." This only trace of the Miocene period in England lies near the village of Bovey Tracey, not very far from Teignmouth. From the deposit of this ancient lake is made a great deal of the earthenware used in England.

*Eastward Ho* maintains the promise of its opening number. The articles are not too long, but short and pithy. "Killfeathers," by Mr. G. Manville Fenn, develops interest.—Mr. G. R. Sims provides some "Leaves from an Old Note Book," containing weird sketches from actual life in the East End.—"Boys and Girls," by a Home Missioner, is a description of the growing tendency of the lower class of London youth to embark rashly on connubial life.

In *To-Day*, "Stepniak" tells us what is horrible, if true, about Russian political prisons.—Mr. Paul Lafargue takes a distinguished philosopher to task in "A Few Words with Mr. Spencer," and Mrs. Lynn Linton writes a pleasantly descriptive paper on "The Things of Palermo."

To the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming contributes "Hindoo Pilgrims and Living Waters," in which the life of the East is brought very forcibly before the mind's eye.—Mr. J. W. Sherer's paper on "Balzac's Cane" supplies interesting details about the private life and manners of the great novelist, and his relations with his first publisher.

In *Time*, besides the two serials and shorter papers, there are good English poems by Mr. Montgomerie Rankin and others, and the "Vestigia Carminarum," "Ad Virgines," and "Ad Dianemem," by the Rev. R. N. Sanderson, will repay perusal by those who have a taste for Latin verse.

The *Antiquarian* opens with a sensible and well-written historical paper, "Characters of the Wars of the Roses," and "Forecastings of Nostradamus," continues to be interesting.

*Merry England* has, besides a translation by Mr. Edward Foord of an "Interview," a story by Ivan Tourganief; an Essay on a Gothic architect, Mr. W. Burges; and an intelligently conceived criticism, entitled "An English Princess," of the life and letters of the Princess Alice, by John Oldcastle.

The *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion* for June is replete with much that will delight ladies, but the meaning of which is largely hidden for the sterner sex.

### THE PROPOSED RUSSO-AFGHAN FRONTIER

A TELEGRAM from Simla last week announced that it is expected that a mixed English and Russian Commission will proceed in the autumn to the northern border of Afghanistan to mark out the frontier. An agreement has, it is understood, been arrived at between the British and Russian Governments, providing in general terms that the frontier shall follow the course of the Oxus as far as Khoja Saleh, whence it will proceed south and west, taking a circular course along the margin of cultivation to Pul-i-Khatun, on the Hari Rud River.

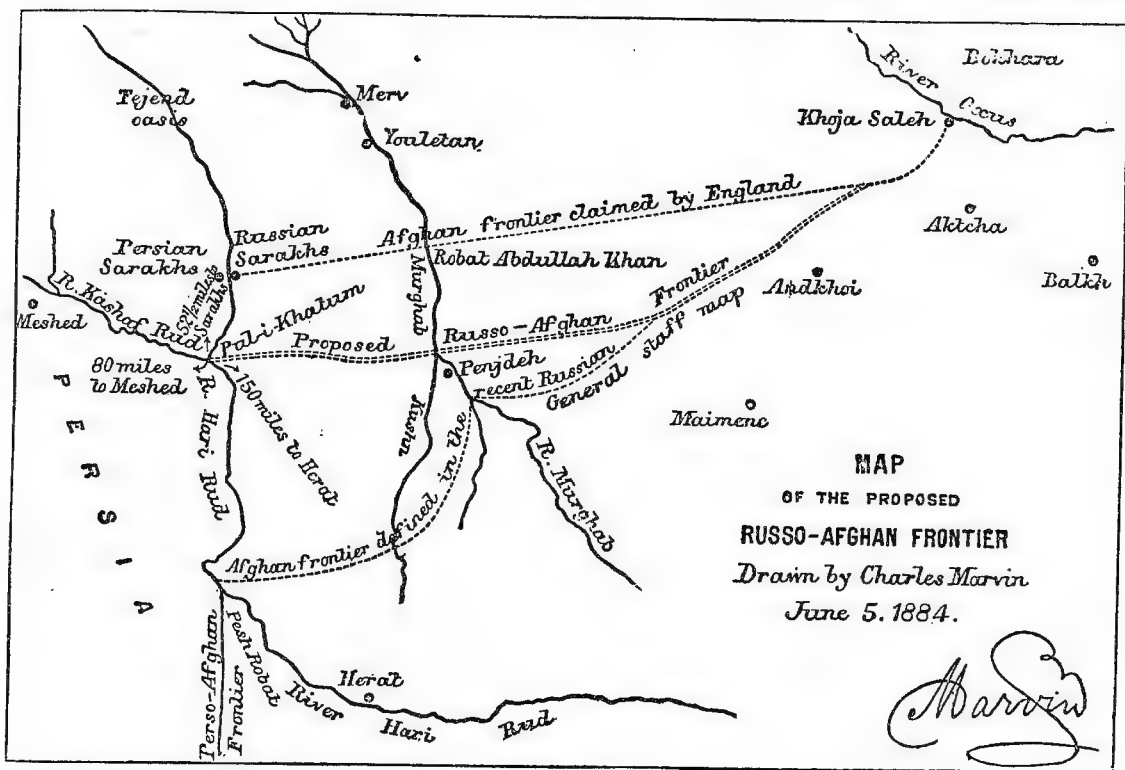
"In other words," writes Mr. Charles Marvin, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying map, "Her Majesty's Government having acquiesced in the Russians securing, in excess of Merv, a lodgment at Old Sarakhs, intend, if this news be true, to surrender a valuable slice of fertile Afghan territory, and allow them to approach yet 52½ miles nearer Herat, to say nothing of receding south along the bank of the Murghab."

"Established at Pul-i-Khatun, the Russians will be within 150 miles of Herat and 80 of Meshed; our garrison at Quetta being at

business was more than sustained. There was through the sitting some feeble firing from the Opposition Benches, but it was obviously merely a matter of form. No one can say that the various amendments submitted were not debated at a length commensurate with their importance. But in the absence of any disposition to obstruct a Bill it is really astonishing what a number of amendments may be disposed of in a single sitting. Half an hour after midnight the twelfth and last Clause of the Franchise Bill, as introduced by the Government, had passed through Committee, and the work was practically accomplished.

There remained four or five pages of new clauses, fathered by members on both sides of the House. Here again the new-born business aptitude of the Committee was sustained, and work went forward at a rate which upset all calculations. Mr. Woodall's new clause, proposing to extend the franchise to women, stood low down when the House met. Ten days, or perhaps a fortnight, was looked upon as the probable time when it would be reached. The friends of the cause, surveying the position, had fixed upon next Tuesday for the date of a conference to be held preparatory to the amendment being moved in the House, and a public meeting in its support had been fixed for next Friday. Even on Tuesday, after the experience of the previous night, it was scarcely expected that Mr. Woodall's amendment would be reached. Yet by half-past five all the earlier new clauses had been disposed of, and Mr. Woodall was on his feet moving the new clause, which in some circles created such profound interest.

The Member for Stoke laboured under the disadvantage of having to champion a well-worn question, finding at his disposal arguments only too familiar to the House. Beyond this was the prevailing sense that the conclusion was foregone. There was some interest as to the precise mode of treatment the Prime Minister would extend to the proposal. But the tenor of his reply



the same time 514 miles from Herat. Distant as Quetta is (145 miles) from Candahar, and separated from it by a more difficult road, the Russians will be able to occupy Herat from Pul-i-Khatun before our Quetta troops can even sight Candahar.

"There is no reason whatever why Russia should be permitted to make a fresh advance from Sarakhs to Pul-i-Khatun. She could control the Turcomans and maintain order along her frontier just as easily from the former place. The effect of this new surrender of Her Majesty's Government is to admirably enlarge the Russian base at Sarakhs, to give Russia an area of several hundred miles of fertile territory, where she can organise the operations against Herat."

"Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff has announced that the Trans-caspian Railway is to be extended to Askabad, distant 388 miles from Herat. Our Indian line is only sanctioned to Quetta, 514 miles from Herat."

"The annexation of Merv was bad, the annexation of Sarakhs was worse, but in this alleged intended advance to Pul-i-Khatun affairs seem to me to have reached a climax calling for an indignant energetic protest on the part of the public against the proposed arrangement."



THE wheels of the Parliamentary machine having been long locked, are suddenly unloosed, and business is now going forward with a rapidity equalled only by the persistency of the former deadlock. The new order of things began from the very day the House met after the Whitsun recess. Supply was put down as the first order of the day, with the hope, dashed on many former occasions, that the absence of accustomed talkers would leave some slight opportunity for workers. This expectation was fully realised, and before the Committee rose twenty-three votes had been obtained. At the morning sitting on Friday the Chancellor of the Exchequer carried the second reading of the National Debt Bill, and on Friday night the House, with permissible content, got itself counted out. Whilst the Government of the day have always declined any responsibility in the matter of "making a House" on Tuesdays, it is understood that on Friday nights, after a morning sitting, they must do their best in that direction. Accordingly on Friday there was a forlorn procession of junior members of the Ministry, who with desperate resignation, leaving the dinner-table when the feast had but just begun, were in their places at nine o'clock. They were perhaps sustained by the consciousness that whatever they might do there would be no House. They had the satisfaction, which might or might not balance a spoiled dinner, that they had done their duty. Not less than thirteen Ministers put in an appearance, only eight private members being found in other parts of the House. The result was that the House was counted. But members carried home the consciousness that though the House had sat only a day and a half it had done as much work as is ordinarily accomplished in a week.

On Monday the Franchise Bill was again taken in Committee, and the newly-established reputation of the House as a place of

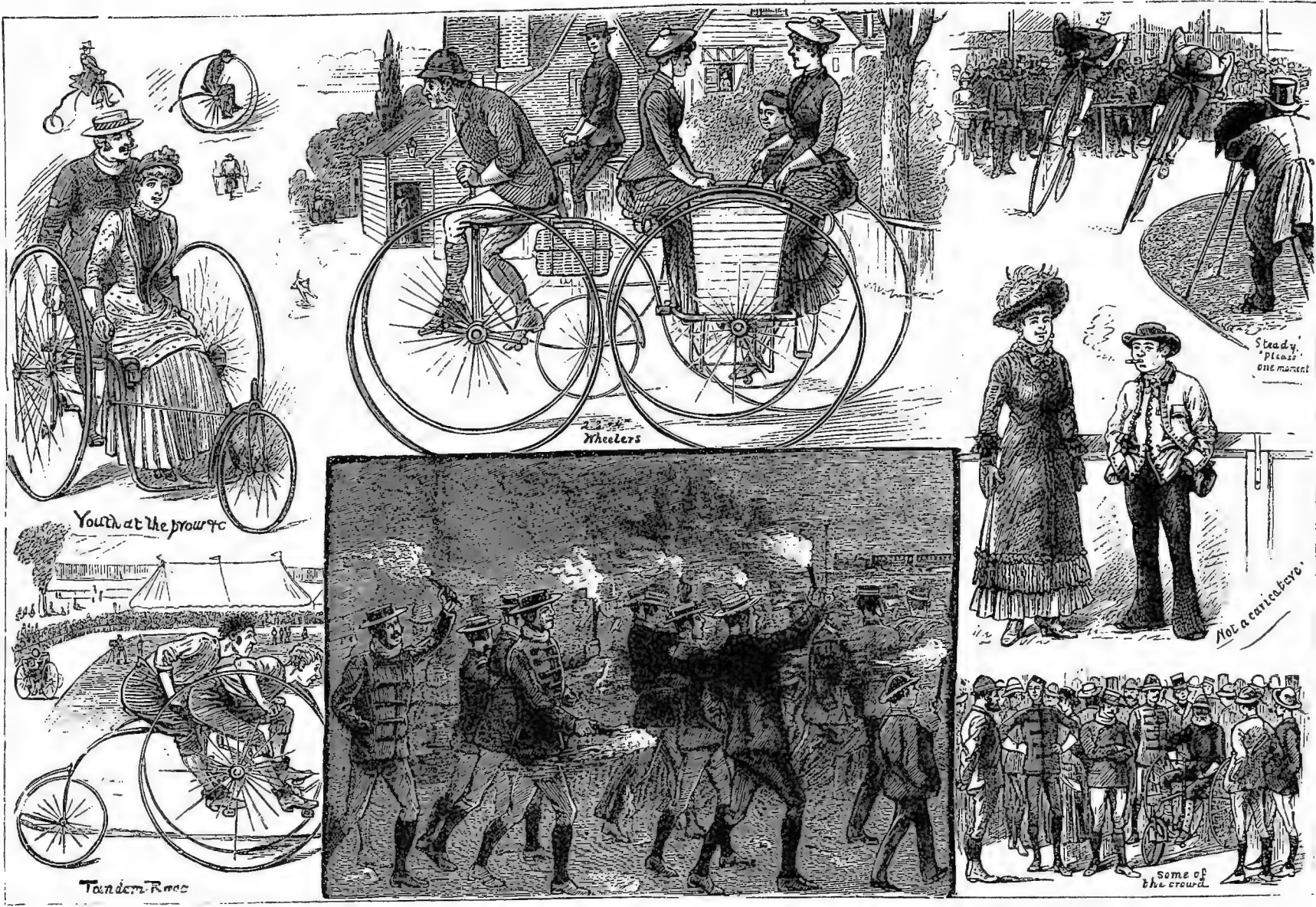
was already known. In a manner of unusual significance he had, on introducing the Franchise Bill, gone out of his way to smite with paralysis the budding action of the friends of Women's Suffrage. He had then declared that the introduction of these side issues would be fatal to the measure already loaded as deeply as was consistent with safety. Members, therefore, listened to Mr. Woodall's speech with the kindly interest always shown to a member personally popular, and highly esteemed. But the only thing that momentarily lifted them out of a state of general languor was when he, with unconscious humour, spoke of marriage as "the solitary vocation of woman." At this delightful "derangement of epitaphs" they laughed long and loud, grateful for the little diversion.

Mr. Gladstone had accidentally bestowed upon him an advantage for which perhaps he was not too grateful, but which proved an inestimable boon to the House. It was twenty-five minutes past six when Mr. Woodall sat down. At ten minutes to seven the debate must, in accordance with the rules of the House, be suspended. Consequently the Premier had only twenty-five minutes to make a speech upon which, according to his own admission, hung the fate of the Franchise Bill. There was no time for those involutions of phrase and shadings of meaning in which, when unrestricted in point of time, he so greatly delights. He had to go straight to the point, and never was his genius as an orator more fully displayed. It was a peculiarly difficult position, knowing that many members of his own Ministry and a considerable portion of his following were in favour of the principle advocated by Mr. Woodall. To make the success of the motion impossible without offending the convictions of his supporters was the Premier's task, and he acquitted himself with unmeasurable success. When he sat down everybody felt that an end had been made of the resolution, and if the new spirit of the House had been carried out to its full extent a division might forthwith have been taken. But that were too much to look for, and on the motion of Lord John Manners the debate was adjourned till Thursday, when it was further discussed.

The Lords came back on Monday, torn from their holiday by the stern sense of duty which animated Lord Salisbury on the eve of the recess. A fresh question was put with respect to the negotiations with France, and an answer was made by Earl Granville identical in substance with that which on the 27th ultimo had excited the apprehension and the indignation of Lord Salisbury. On the first date the Foreign Secretary had said that the negotiations with France were not yet in a condition that would permit their communication to the House, adding a promise that they would be made known to Parliament before the Conference met. This he said again on Monday, and there was just expectation of a fresh impeachment. Lord Salisbury, however, declared that he had heard the statement with profound satisfaction.

In the Commons the Premier made the same statement, which was received, as had been a similar one on the 27th ult., with general expressions of satisfaction. Some excitement was created just before the Prime Minister rose by the circulation of a bogus copy of the terms of settlement with France, which, focussing all the rumours current in foreign capitals, presented them with circumstantial detail as a veritable draft of the negotiations. There was much in this document, notably the assertion that Turkish troops were to be sent to the Soudan, that appeared wildly improbable. But the alleged authority was so precise that even the stoutest Ministerialist began to think there must be something in it,



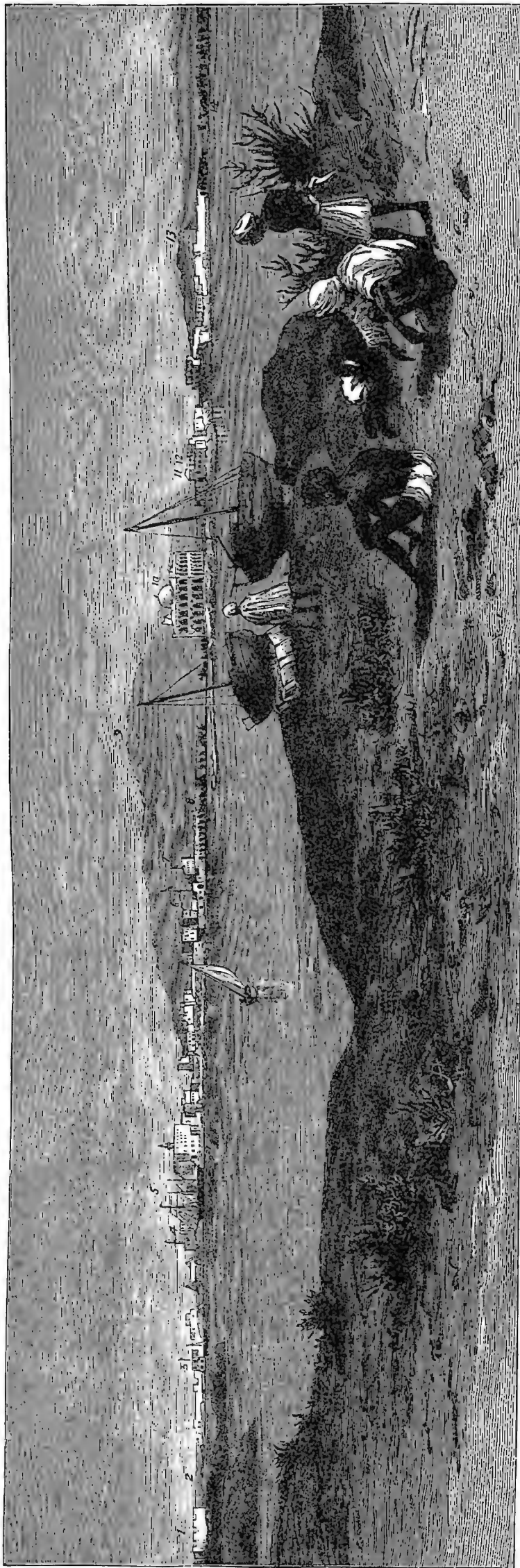


NOTES AT THE CYCLISTS' CAMP, ALEXANDRA PARK



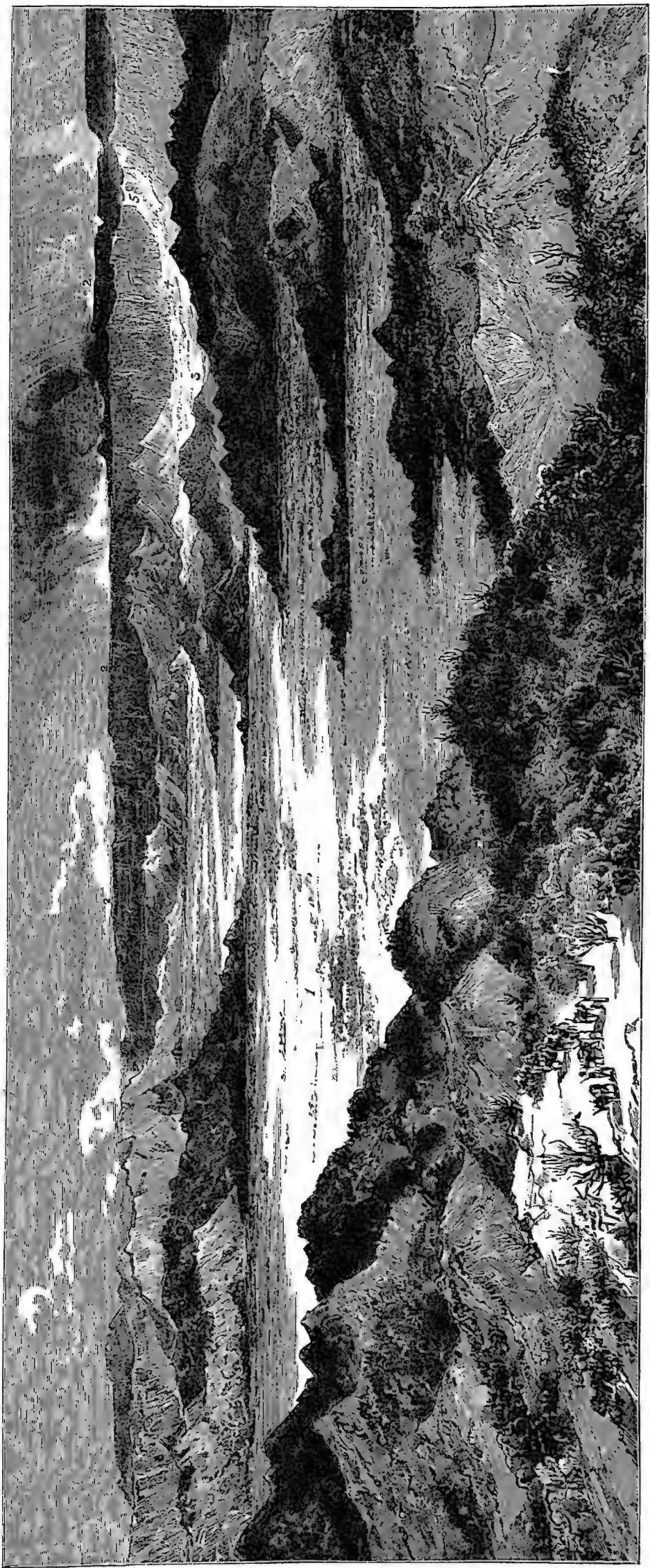
RAS ALLULA'S HOUSE, ADI TEEKLAR  
WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT'S EMBASSY TO KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS





1. Coaling Station.—2. Red Sea.—3. Italian Consulate.—4. Massowah, First Island.—5. H.M.S. "Coquette".—6. Fort Commanding First Causeway.—7. French Consulate.—8. Head of the Khartoum Caravan.—9. The Gaddam or Vanguard Mountains, Abyssinia.—10. The Palace of the Governor, Massowah.—11. Telegraph Office.—12. Second Island.—13. Fort Commanding the Mainland Causeway.—14. Mainland Causeway: Caravan from Khartoum Crossing.

MASSOWAH ON THE RED SEA: THE PORT WHICH KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA WISHES TO OBTAIN FROM EGYPT



1. Plains of Dari T'et'et.—2. Great Hamasan Plateau.—3. Valley of Gundet.—4. Place Where the Egyptians Were Defeated Under Arslan Bey, 1875.—5. Place Where Admiral Hewett Descended to the Valley. BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NORTHERN ABYSSINIA: FROM THE HAMASAN PLATEAU TO ADOWA

WITH ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT'S EMBASSY TO KING JOHN OF ABYSSINIA

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



and there was a prevailing feeling of uneasiness, forecasting a defeat of the Government and an appeal to the country. On the next morning the falsity of the leading statements in the "settlement" were ruthlessly exposed, and on Tuesday afternoon Mr. Gladstone, appealed to by Lord Randolph Churchill, categorically denied that there was the slightest foundation for the statement that Turkish troops were to be employed in the Soudan.



## PASTIMES

**THE TURF.**—The absence of Royalty and for the most part dull weather robbed Ascot this week of much of its enjoyment, a more sombre meeting having hardly been held within recollection. The racing, however, was decidedly interesting, though the fields ruled small, several animals on the spot not taking their parts in consequence of the hardness of the ground, which had not been affected as much as might have been expected by the rain of last week. The quality of the animals too that ran was above the average, a large contingent of our best thoroughbreds putting in an appearance. Among them was the recent Derby dead-heater, St. Gatien, who beat the strongly-fancied Corrie Roy for the Gold Vase, and thus set the seal on his Epsom performance. Another strong favourite, Talisman, was beaten by the comparative outsider, Sir Reuben, for the valuable Prince of Wales's Stakes; and yet another in Regain for the Ascot Stakes, which were won by Mr. R. Jardine's Greenbank, this being the fourth time in five years Mr. Jardine has secured this event. It never rains but it pours, and on the Wednesday he was credited with the Hunt Cup by the aid of Acrostic, who has long been expected to do a good thing. There was a much smaller field than usual for this popular scurry, for which the favourite, the Duke of Richmond, ran second, and Cutlet third. The two equal favourites at starting, quoted at 4 to 1 each, were the Duke of Richmond and Quicklime, the recent winner of the City and Suburban. The Tuesday was a fatal day for backers of favourites, only one favourite winning a race, and the Wednesday was almost as bad, one of the chief disappointments on the latter day being the defeat of Queen Adelaide, with odds on her, in the Coronation Stakes, she being the last of the four starters, of whom the Duke of Westminster's Sandiway won the race. So freely were the backers eased of their money that a considerable number gave the thing up in despair; and if only for this feature the meeting will long be remembered as a very "black" one.—Looking back for a moment to last week, we must put on record the victory of Florence, St. Gatien's Derby trial horse, in the Manchester Cup. She had disappointed her stable, both in the Lincolnshire Handicap and the City and Suburban, or, at least, she disappointed her backers; but here she ran up to the form she was known to possess at home. She well confirmed her Cup running by carrying her 14 lb. penalty to victory on the next day in the Trafford Welter.—The Grand Prix de Paris was won on Sunday last by the Duc de Castrie's Little Duc, the winner of the "French Derby," the English horse, The Lambkin, running second, and Fra Diavolo third, the exact order as indicated in the betting. Of course there was unbounded national enthusiasm and emphatic demonstrations on the score of a French victory; but thoughtful people remember that the winner was bred and bought in England, and ridden by an English jockey, T. Cannon, who has now had the mount on four Grand Prize winners.—To the great relief of many, and certainly for the good of the Turf, the foolish objection to St. Gatien for the Derby has been withdrawn.

**CRICKET.**—The English players continue to hold their own more or less against the Australians. The match between them and Lancashire was unfortunately drawn, but the County in its first innings has the credit of making 195 against 174 of the Colonials. The latter, however, made the big figures of 315 in their second innings with two wickets to fall. The match with Yorkshire was a very close one, and was remarkable for the small scores on both sides, the County 55 and 72, and the Australians 60 and 68, with three wickets to fall. Only three Yorkshire players made double figures in the game, and only five Australians.—Middlesex has beaten Surrey by eight wickets; Kent Derbyshire by 67 runs, and, most unexpectedly, Lancashire by seven wickets; and Surrey Leicestershire by seven wickets.—Oxford University still shows in good form with its redoubtable captain, Mr. C. Kemp, who scored 41 in his first innings in the recent match against the M.C.C., which the University won by four wickets.—The Gentlemen of Philadelphia scored 119 to the 79 of the Gentlemen of Scotland in the first innings, but making only 95 in their second they were easily defeated.—Some tall scoring is reported from Birkenhead, W. Wood and M. G. Dunlop making 190 and 119 in their first innings for Birkenhead Park against Oxtou.

**AQUATICS.**—The May races at Cambridge came to a conclusion on Tuesday last, and Jesus for the tenth year running is at the head of the river, Trinity Hall being second, and Third Trinity third.

**LACROSSE.**—Our visitors from the United States are having it all their own way, and vain was the hope that the match entitled America v. England, at Catford Bridge, might result in a victory for the crack team of our players. But it was not so to be, and

England was defeated by two games to none. Cambridge University has also gone down before the Americans; and the South of England was defeated by them at Hurlingham by seven games to none.

**POLO.**—At Hurlingham, too, the Poloists have been busy, and the home club has scored wins against Monmouthshire and the 7th Hussars.

**ANGLING.**—Thames trouting has been looking up, and the present season bids fair to put on record the capture of as many "speckled beauties" as last, which was an exceptionally good one. Among recent takes of good fish in the river below Staines, two at Hampton Court of 10lbs. and 7lbs., one at Sunbury of 9lbs., one at Halliford of 8lbs., and one at Kingston of 7lbs., have been "officially" reported; while many credible fishermen have told of several monsters hooked, but which broke away.

**HUNTING.**—The Lord Mayor, a many-sided man, entertained the Duke of Beaufort and members of the Beaufort Hunt at a grand banquet last week, his lordship being well-known with the pack and entitled to wear its "colours."



## RURAL NOTES

**THE SEASON.**—Welcome and plentiful rainfall has put an end to the drought from which the land was suffering, and which threatened to make the hay crop one of the shortest of recent years. Clovers look thick and good, and seem to be able to do with a small amount of moisture, but the hay itself made so little bottom growth during May that there will almost certainly be a deficiency, which will seem the more so contrasting with the good yield of last year. The dry weather preceding the early June rains was also the cause of a very small acreage being sown with roots. The potato acreage is also believed to be small, though neither for roots nor potatoes is it now absolutely too late for late varieties. The drought has been all against the weeds, and has saved much expense in hoeing. On the other hand, it has evidently favoured insect pests, for the fly on the young turnips, the wireworm among the spring corn, and the hop-fly on the mounting bine, are all terribly well represented, and will take a deal of extirpation. Gardeners also complain of gooseberry caterpillars, and all signs point to its being "an insect year." The growing wheat will be none the worse for the rain, the Lenten corn will be vastly the better, while warm sunshine after the wet weather should bring to ripeness and maturity a fine crop of currants and strawberries, though Kentish black-currants are badly attacked with honey-dew.

**THE WOBURN FIELDS** have just been visited officially by the Royal Agricultural Society, Dr. Voelcker acting as cicerone to a large number of visitors interested in the agricultural experiments there conducted. A most remarkable fact about these fields appeared to us to be the surprisingly fine aspect of the plots on which, for eight successive years, wheat has been grown without any manure being applied to it. These plots, which grew at first 22 bushels, fell away steadily to 9½; but for the last three years they have very curiously shown a decided recovery, and many observers of the wheat now growing thought it should give quite 2½ quarters to the acre. The plots to which mineral manure had been applied did not look as though this form of fertiliser was a good investment—at all events for the present season. The plots dressed with farmyard manure looked very healthy. It seems that farmyard manure is not quickly exhausted as to its beneficial effects.

**NITROGENOUS MANURES** differ in this respect as widely as possible from farmyard manure. In the words of Dr. Voelcker, "If you dress your crop with nitrate of soda and salts of ammonia, and do not get the returns the first year, you will never see them again." As to where they go, the Doctor thinks they are not only peculiarly liable to be washed away in drains, but they also tend to sink into the soil beyond the roots of the plant. Certainly a "sinking tendency," if once really proved to exist, will account for anything, as the "under-soil" is practically an infinite quantity. Other authorities than the analyst of the "Royal" Society object to nitrogenous manures on the ground that their application can be very easily overdone, with the effect of causing an unnatural luxuriance of growth, and the development of rank, soft stems incapable of upholding the corn on end until harvest. The deep metallic colour of the green is a strong sign of over-manuring with nitrates. Still, for the production of a one year's heavy crop, nitrogenous manures, skilfully applied, retain their old favour and repute.

**THE AZALEAS** at Kew were in full bloom at the beginning of the month, and the 84,000 visitors on the Bank Holiday must have enjoyed a feast of colour such as the memory would long retain. This splendid flower is a devout fire worshipper, showing every gracious or gorgeous tint, from lemon-yellow of unapproachable purity to the intensest and most burning of reds, but always keeping to shades and tones of those colours which tell of the sun.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—We have to record the death of Mr. Cyrus MacCormick, the famous implement maker. Mr. MacCormick, who had attained the ripe age of seventy-five years, was a Virginian, but the reputation of his harvesters and reaping machines had become world-wide.—The Braemar deer forests are being in part converted into cattle grazing-ground. It appears to be a well-

ascertained, though hardly well-explained fact, that where forests are stocked with deer alone, the grass in a few years gets either replaced with heather, or becomes so harsh and coarse as to be almost useless. It is with a view to improving the quality of the herbage that the cattle-grazing system is to be tried.—According to a report recently issued, there are in London 835 cowkeepers, owning rather over ten thousand cows. There are 4,421 milk shops in the metropolis, and 516 persons sell milk without keeping a regular shop.



## LEGAL

**THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND THE JUDGES** will attend in state Divine service in St. Paul's Cathedral to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon.

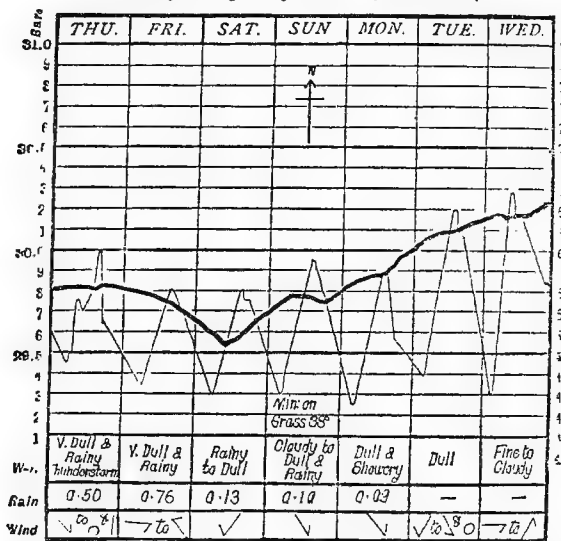
**ON WEDNESDAY THE LORD MAYOR** entertained the Lord Chancellor and the Judges at dinner in the Egyptian Hall. Responding for the House of Lords, Lord Selborne said that the legal business with which they had to deal showed the admirable way in which justice was administered throughout the United Kingdom. Appeals were few and reversals far fewer.

**AT A MEETING OF THE JUDGES**, presided over by the Lord Chancellor, resolutions were agreed to, by one of which going on circuit will be restricted for the present to the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division, thus leaving the Judges of the Chancery, Probate and Divorce, and Admiralty Divisions to the uninterrupted discharge of their duties in London. It was also resolved not to discontinue the assizes in any county, and to make special provision for Liverpool and Manchester. Greater facilities, it was suggested, should be given for the trial of Chancery causes in those two great Lancashire centres. It was further proposed to make Birmingham an assize town.

**THE AUDITOR OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD** having disallowed as illegal payments made by the Select Vestry of Liverpool to Roman Catholic priests for religious ministrations to indoor paupers of that Communion, the Queen's Bench Division have given the important decision that the payments were perfectly legal under the Board's own order of 1867.

## WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JUNE 5 TO JUNE 11 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—During the past week the weather has been cloudy and cold generally, accompanied by large quantities of rain in the south of England, and frequent thunder and lightning. In the course of Thursday and Friday (5th and 6th inst.) a small depression travelled from the south of Norway to the east of Scotland, while several shallow disturbances appeared over England. Light north-westerly and westerly winds blew over England and Ireland, and variable airs in Scotland. Cold, cloudy weather prevailed generally, with a copious fall of rain at the southern and some of the midland stations. Thunderstorms occurred on both days over the southern parts of England. The barometer now rose steadily generally, and gradients for light northerly winds set in over the whole of the United Kingdom, with a continuation of cold, dull, and rainy weather, and thunderstorms locally over the south and south-east of England. At the close of the period an anti-cyclone lay over France, while an area of low pressure had appeared to the northward of Scotland. The winds blew freshly from the southward at the western and north-western stations, and lightly from the westward over the south-east of England. The weather showed little material alteration except that temperature had increased somewhat generally. The barometer was highest (30.23 inches) on Wednesday (11th inst.); lowest (29.54 inches) on Saturday (7th inst.); range, 0.69 inch. Temperature was highest (66°) on Wednesday (11th inst.); lowest (45°) on Monday (6th inst.); range, 21°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 1.58 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.76 inch, on Friday (6th inst.).

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2 Sauce Ladles . . .	5 oz., 7s. 6d. . .	1 17 6
6 Egg Spoons . . .	. . . . .	2 2 0
4 Salt Spoons . . .	. . . . .	1 0 0
1 Mustard Spoon . . .	. . . . .	0 7 6
1 Sugar Spoon . . .	. . . . .	0 10 0
1 Sugar Tong . . .	. . . . .	0 14 6
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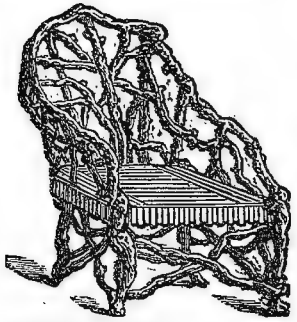


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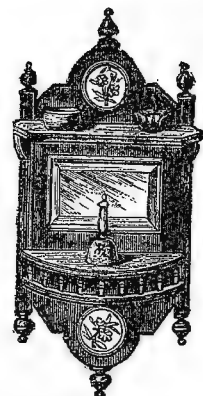
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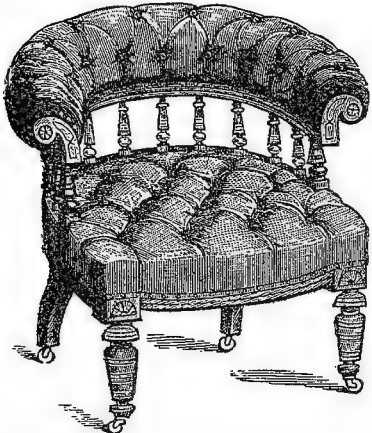
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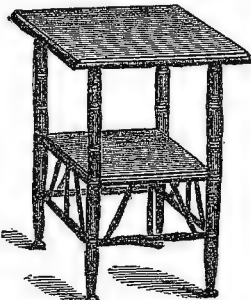
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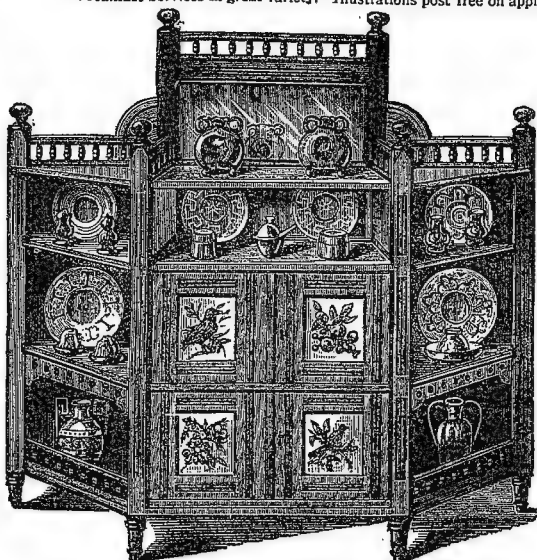
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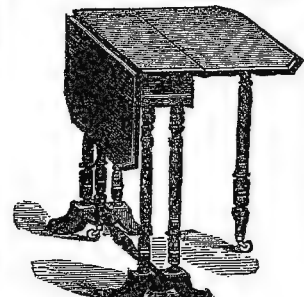
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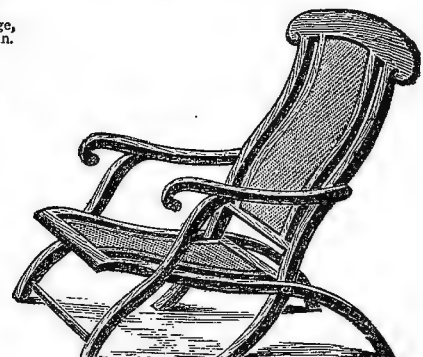
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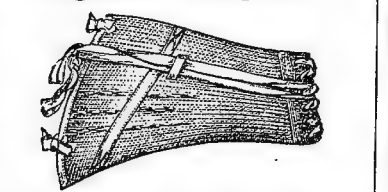
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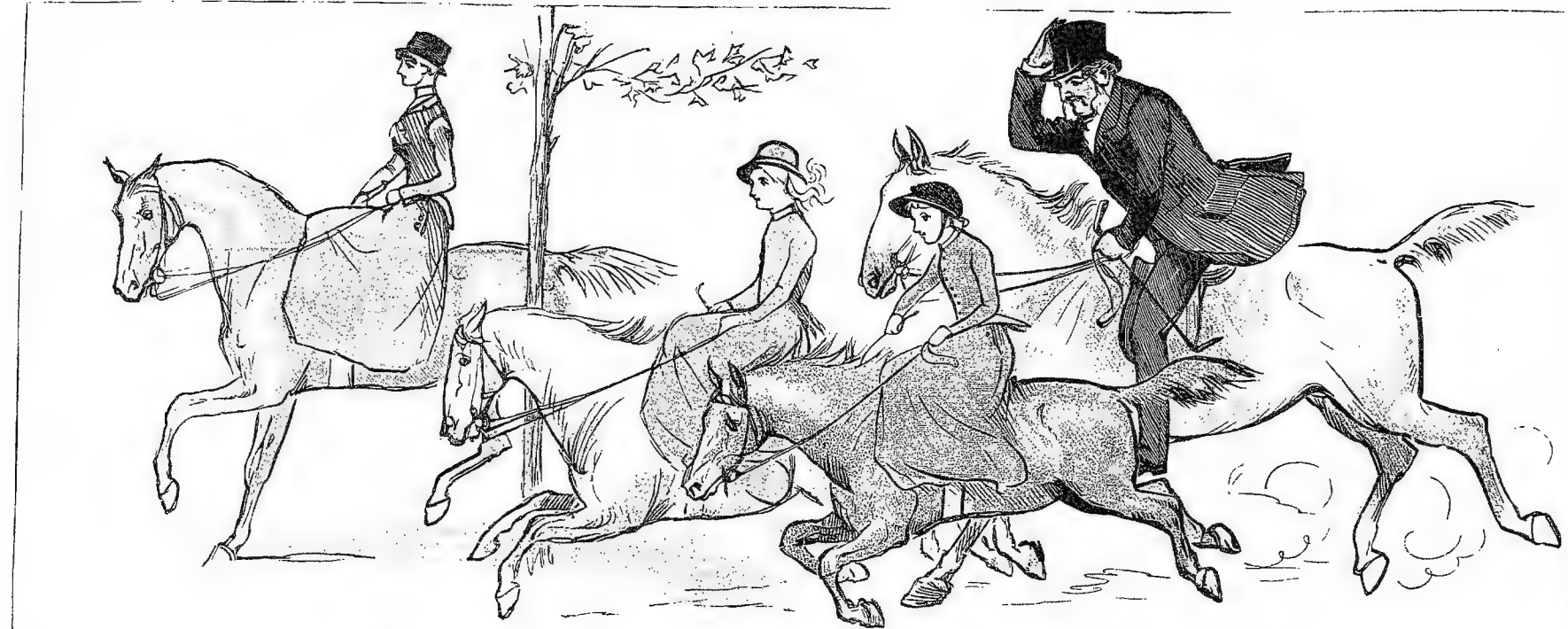
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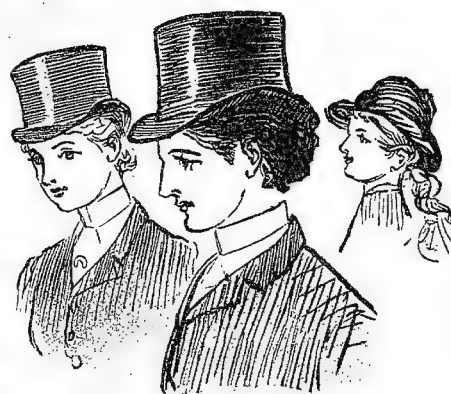
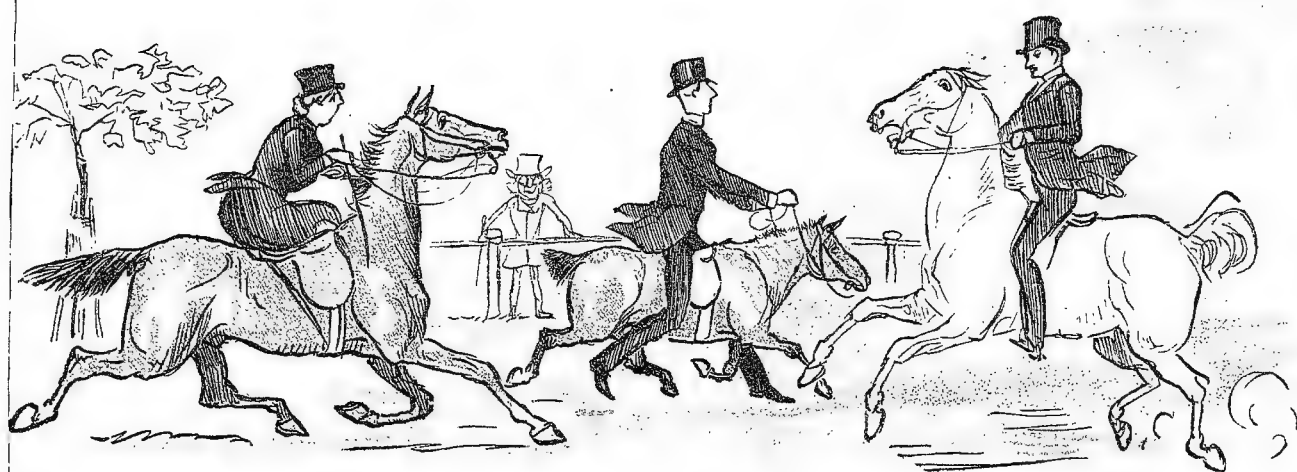
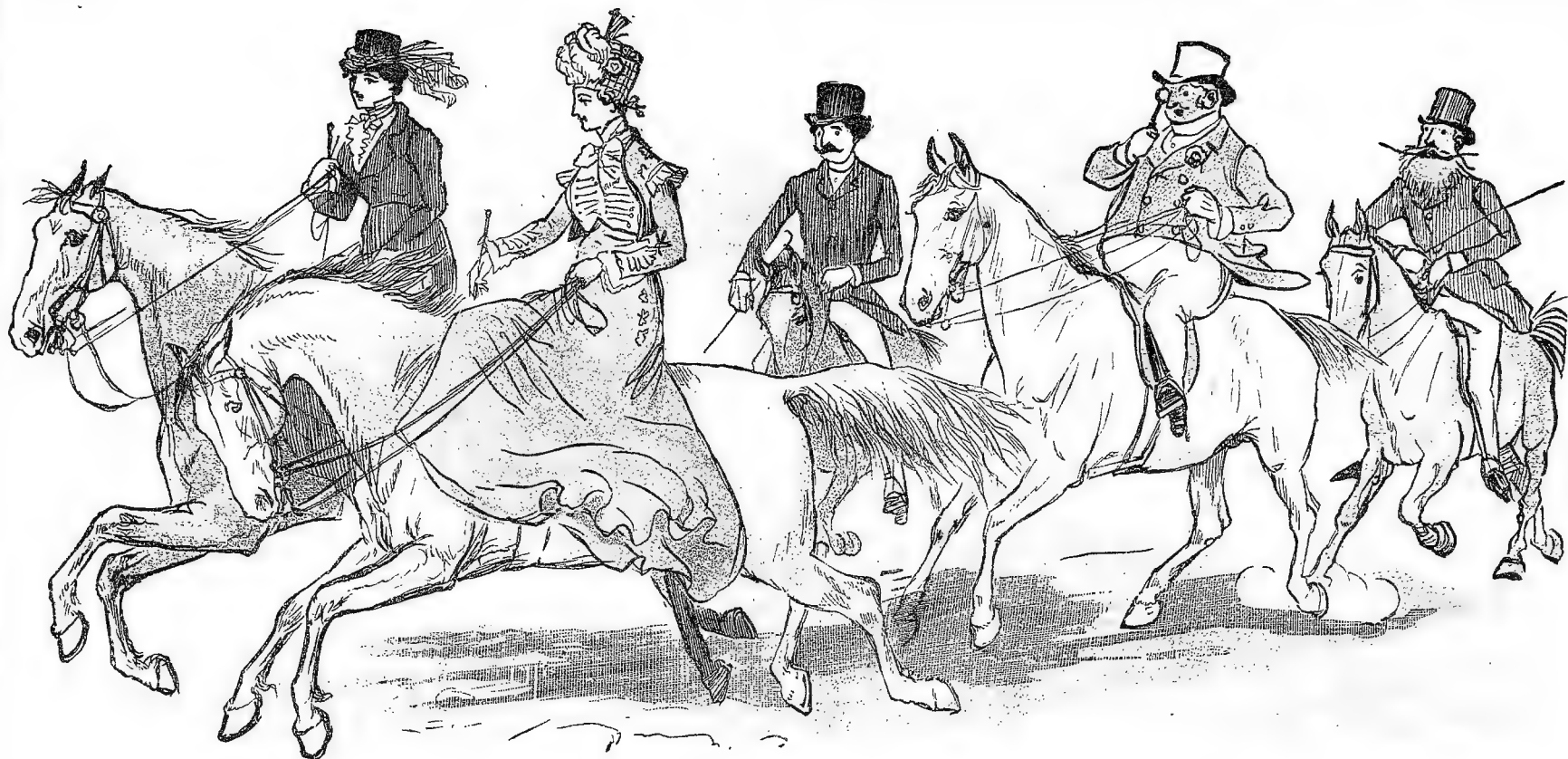
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Fancies

RC





DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN

"He kissed me on the forehead and lips, and so I left him."

## DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &C., &C., &C.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### IN THE TOWN

By this time all the friends of the prisoners had hurried up to town. Lady Derwentwater, poor creature, with her two children, was staying with the Duchess of Cleveland; the Dowager Countess, with her third husband, Mr. Rooke, was come to save her son, if that were possible; already the Court, and everybody about the Court, the Ministers, and all who were thought to have any influence with them, were besieged with petitions and entreaties for pardon. What bribes were offered and taken, I know not; but a good many who were no worse than those executed got free pardons. Lady Cowper told me afterwards that her husband was offered 60,000*l.* to procure the pardon of Lord Derwentwater. They tried to bribe the wrong man; the hands of those far lower in rank should have been touched with gold. But you shall see. It made my heart bleed, sad as I was on my own account, to hear Lady Cowper's tales of the poor women who came to her daily, because she was of the North Country, to beg her influence, and fell at her feet and wept. She was so tender and compassionate a woman, that I am sure she used her influence as she could, and perhaps got off many more besides her cousins, Mr. Clavering and his son.

The Countess placed her whole hope in her husband's powerful friends and connections. The Dukes of Richmond and St. Alban's, his cousins, were on the other side; would they allow their

kinsman's head to fall without an effort? Alas! her hope proved a broken reed; these noble lords begged for a pardon, but they begged in vain, and I doubt whether they begged in the only way which was able to touch the King's heart, namely, by threats. Lord Derwentwater was their kinsman, true; but unfortunately he was not their friend. Among the Peers he had no friends. Why, Lord Nairn got off because he had an old schoolfellow among the Ministers; but there was no one who had known Lord Derwentwater as a boy. Truly to be a Roman Catholic in this realm of England is to be placed at a great disadvantage. One would not, surely, wish it otherwise; but for my Lord's sake it must needs be lamented. There were seven Lords in the Tower; in the end five got off; why did they execute the other two? Were they more criminal than the rest? Alas! no; but they were more friendless, and one of them was near by blood to the Prince.

I sought the Countess as soon as I learned where she was. She seemed, at first, full of hope—even of confidence. The King would not dare to displease so many great Lords who would implore his pardon for her husband; his own seat was not so secure as to warrant the throwing away of powerful friends; his cause would be best served by clemency. She repeated these arguments so often, and with so many interjections, and pauses, and catching of her breath to her breast, that I could very well perceive the secret terror in her heart. Her cheeks were wan; her eyes were hollow; she was consumed by her anxiety as by a fever. She owned to me presently that at night she could not sleep, but passed the hours on

her knees, offering herself, her children, her all to the Virgin, in return for the life—only the life—of her husband.

"Alas!" she cried, "Heaven is not deaf; the Lord is very merciful; I have asked the Augustine Sisters in Paris to pray for me; day and night there is a taper burning before the Virgin in their chapel; the good Sisters pray for me without ceasing. Or when I am not praying I importune some great man or some great lady to do something for my Lord. They tell me the law must have its course; there must be a trial—I care not what they say or do at the trial—if he be pardoned after it; I must expect—yes, I look—to hear that he is sentenced to execution—but that matters nothing if they mean to let him go. Why, if he be but suffered to live, I promise that not he only but his son after him shall sit quiet at home even if the Prince with his forces be marching through England from victory to victory."

Then she went on, now assuring herself of his safety, and now confessing her fears, and it was dreadful sorrow and pain only to hear her. She saw her husband almost daily, and in his presence, I am told, she controlled herself and was calm, as both the brave souls were, for fear of making each other more unhappy. Sometimes I ask myself whether she ever repented of throwing down her fan on the day of the meeting. I think she did not, because I, who was as vehement as herself, have not and never shall repent of my earnestness. For if the Cause was just, and the time was ripe, why should we delay the blow? Let the blame lie on those wicked and mischievous men who persuaded us that the time was really ripe for



action and the hour come, not on those who believed and were deceived to their own destruction.

In the midst of his own trouble my Lord found time to think of me. One day about the New Year the Countess gave me a letter from him. "My dear Cousin Dorothy," it said, "I hear that you are in London about Tom's unhappy business. It would comfort me greatly if I could see you, and I doubt not, if you can come here, they will admit you to see me. God send us all a happy deliverance! Though for myself I dare not hope, yet as for Tom, whose only fault was his easy temper, by which designing persons led him (and us) to confusion, I hope and believe that he will escape. Comfort my dear wife, and keep up your own heart."

"Your loving Cousin and friend,  
DERWENTWATER."

"Go to see him, Dorothy," said the Countess; "if only because he hath always loved you well and taken pleasure in your conversation. Besides, he desires to send some message to your brother about I know not what."

I rejoice now, though then it seemed a terrible thing to do, that I had courage to visit my Lord in that gloomy place, the Tower, the very name of which fills the heart with terror. I have always him in my mind with that proud bearing and steadfast eye with which he encountered the insults of the mob. It is well also to think of him as he was when he sat in his prison, endeavouring to be resigned to his untimely fate, yet not without hope, cheerful, as becomes a Christian, and brave, as becomes a gentleman.

I rode to the Tower through the City in a hackney coach, having my landlady, Purdy's wife, with me for guide or protection. The day was so cold and the streets so frozen, that our coachman went but slowly, and the good woman with me had time to point out all the places along which we passed. First, St. Sepulchre's Church; then Newgate Prison (which I already knew so well); then through the gate with the effigy of Dick Whittington and his cat upon it; the narrow and evil-smelling Newgate Street, its bulkheads covered with meat, the gutters running blood, and greasy butchers carrying carcasses upon their shoulders, and after Newgate Street St. Paul's Cathedral (truly a great and wonderful building), and then crowded streets without number (but among them the tall Monument), and presently a wide, open space, with, on the right hand, a broad river and a forest of masts, and before me a great white castle, which is none other than the Tower of London, where so many unfortunate Lords have been confined.

When our coachman drew up before a kind of wicket, I observed first that the gate was guarded by a dozen or twenty men, in scarlet jerkins and caps of some old fashion; these are the buffeters; beyond them, in a courtyard, was a troop of foot-soldiers, some on guard, some standing about in the door, some within the guard-room, sitting beside a great fire. Outside the gate there was a little crowd of men and women, some of them belonging to the better sort. As I stood and looked at them, one stepped forward and flourished his hat. "We hope," he said, "that your Ladyship is on the right side, that is to say, the side for which the Lords within are prisoners."

Thus bold with their opinions were the Jacobites of London. Alas! had they been as bold with their swords—

And the rest of the crowd murmured approval, and the women cried, "God help the poor prisoners!" and the men said, "Lord bless the Lady's pretty face, whoever she is."

"My friends," I said, "I am going to see my cousin, Lord Derwentwater; and I am the sister of General Forster, now in Newgate."

Then they all bowed, and made way for me with great respect.

When I came out, they were waiting for me; and after I got into my coach, they walked beside me in a kind of procession as far as Tower Street, where they cheered me loudly and left me.

Two of the prisoners, namely, Lords Derwentwater and Nithsdale, were confined in what they call the Bell Tower. It is close to the entrance, and is the only part of the great gloomy building which I saw. They were placed in two chambers on the second storey which lead out of a large room called the Council Chamber, the same in which Guy Fawkes was tortured and examined. When I was conducted to this room I found it filled not only with guards and wardens on duty, but also with people, chiefly women, who had been suffered to come here by these men, or paid for admission, in order to look upon those who visited the prisoners. This, because they gazed so earnestly upon me, and asked each other aloud who I might be, I thought at the time was cruel and unfeeling; but now one blesses the happy chance, because it was the presence of such a crowd which enabled Lady Nithsdale to get off her husband. However, they kept me waiting for a few moments, and then admitted me to his Lordship.

It was a small chamber, but decently furnished. My Lord, who was writing at the table, rose to welcome me with his ready smile.

"Why, Cousin Dorothy," he said, "it is kind to brave the mob on so cold a day as this in order to visit a poor prisoner. Oh! as to my health, that matters nothing now, and my comfort very little. As I have made my bed so must I lie upon it. Nay, Dorothy, do not cry. If a man stakes his all upon a hopeless chance he must look to lose. Perhaps, before I die, I may bring myself to forgive those whose lies and treacheries brought us to this pass. Were it not, indeed, for my wife and hapless babies"—he turned his head and was silent.

"My Lord," I said, trying to bring him hope, "you do yourself an injustice. You are not yet even tried; you have many friends—more than you think of. Great ladies and gentlemen, men of exalted rank there are, who will leave no stone unturned for you."

"If all England were my friend, Dorothy, it would avail me nothing so long as I have an enemy—and he the King."

And to this he returned again presently, declaring always that the King himself was resolved upon his destruction. And that he knew for certain that the King regarded the Prince and all his personal friends with peculiar hatred and malice.

"Besides," he said, "if any are to be sentenced shall the leaders escape and the followers suffer? Would that be justice?"

"Since the power of this new King," I said, "is now proved by the failure of the Rebellion, which has established him on a firmer footing, and therefore done him all the good possible, why can he not pardon all?"

"Because history is not made up of pardons, but of sentences and executions. However, in this place," he said, "we have, at least, time for meditation, and if I were to write a narrative of the Rebellion I should call it 'The History of a Hundred Fools and Half-a-dozen Knaves.' The Knaves, I trust, will at least receive the same punishment as the Fools. As for us, I know not which should be considered the greatest Fool of any, but I think it must be myself, unless it were Tom Forster."

He then told me that he had strong reason to believe there would be found among the prisoners one or two to give King's Evidence in order to save themselves. This was what Lady Cowper hinted. "I trust," he said, "that among my own friends there is not one who would play so base a part, and I think, nay, I am sure, that there is plenty of evidence to hang most of us without such assistance. Go to Tom, however, and tell him so much from me, that he and his friends may be warned against traitors in the camp."

He put aside this matter, and began first calmly and reasonably to consider the mistakes which had been made in their short campaign; especially their neglect in not enlisting as many as offered; in not providing ammunition and provisions; and in entering England so

ill prepared. And next he told me that he was already preparing his Defence, and that he was careful not to say aught that might implicate my brother any deeper in the business. "I am told," he added, "that an attempt will be made to prove my cousin, Tom Forster, the Author of the whole Design—whereas he was but an instrument—and the man who drew us all in. Therefore I shall maintain the clean contrary. I rose for my lawful Sovereign, first, because it was my duty when the time came; next, because I was assured, being myself ignorant of the feeling of the people, that every gentleman in the country would rise with us. Tell Tom this also, from me, Cousin. And tell him, moreover, that though many blame him for the Preston surrender, I do not. The case was hopeless; more would have been killed trying to cut their way through than will now, probably, be beheaded or hanged. Yet I wish we had run the chance. So let us think kindly of each other; if both die let us meet in Heaven as brothers, and if I only, let him remember me with sorrow and kindness."

"And if neither, my Lord?"

"Why, then—" he laughed gently. "But 'tis impossible, the King being such as he is. Yet if neither, then, Dorothy, I promise to oblige Tom by sitting with him as far as t'other bottle."

Then he was silent awhile, gazing before him as one who sees in fancy a pageant of the past.

"Dorothy," he said, softly, "you remember the time, five years ago, when I used to ride across the moor to Blanchland to walk and talk with the sweetest girl in Northumberland."

"Oh! my Lord, you must not say that any more; you must not think such a thing. But as for me, can I ever forget that season?"

"Why, I am married since then, and have a wife whom I dearly love, and she hath made me the happiest of men; yet withal, by your leave, Dorothy, fair cousin, I do still remember that time, and the sweet looks and gentle smiles of her who refused me for conscience sake. I say it in all honesty, my cousin."

"My Lord, you can say nothing but with honesty."

"It was from your lips, Cousin, that I learned what in St. Germain's I could not learn, what should be the conduct of a true English gentleman, and what his duty to those who depend upon him. Why, I was not half an Englishman. How ignorant I was in those days no one but yourself has ever known. It was your kind heart that taught me to desire the love of the people. In France we regard them not, and care neither for their affection nor their hatred. It comforts me, now, to think that, thanks to your noble teaching, my people will grieve for me when I am dead. Well; it is over; you and I will never walk and talk together any more; yet we have been happy. And now I am tied up in the slaughter-house, waiting for the man with the knife. And Charles, poor lad! is in Newgate. And Frank—where is Frank?"

"Frank is in London, but he is grievously sick with a cough which leaves him not day or night, so that he cannot quit his chamber. And much I fear that he will never go abroad again."

I did not tell him—because why should he be vexed?—that Frank was also held in bondage by his strange and vehement passion.

"Poor Frank!" he sighed. "This it is to inherit the unlucky blood of the Stuarts. The Radcliffes did very well until—poor Frank! Charles told me something of an actress—but I forget what. Tell him if you see him, Dorothy, that I can give him my prayers for the short time left me in life, but nothing more. Two of us in grievous jeopardy of the scaffold, and one like to die of a cough. 'Tis an excellent and a hopeful beginning of the New Year!"

It was growing dark, and time for me to go. So in the twilight of that dismal New Year's Day, and in that gloomy place, we stood to say farewell, face to face. He held both my hands in his.

"Farewell, sweet Cousin—dear Sister, whom I have always loved. If we meet no more, farewell."

He kissed me on the forehead and lips, and so I left him, and looked upon his noble face no more.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### MR. HILYARD'S FREEDOM

A DAY or two after this Mr. Hilyard appeared no longer in the disguise of a physician, but dressed as a sober and grave citizen, that is to say, in no disguise at all, having bartered his physician's wig for a full wig, such as that worn by the better sort, and his black clothes for a plum-coloured coat and waistcoat of the same.

"What is this new disguise?" I asked.

"No disguise at all," he replied. "I am now a free man, and need not hide my head at all. There is no warrant out for me, and if there were I am assured of my pardon."

I asked him how this was.

"Miss Dorothy," he replied, smiling, "the son of a vintner need not be too proud to take favours from a gipsy, or even an actress."

"Is this, then, Jenny Lee's doing?"

"I will tell you in a few words. Know, then, that Jenny loves to entertain her friends, after the theatre, to supper at her own lodging, and has been so good as to invite me to make one whenever I please. Many gentlemen come, wits, Templars, poets, and the like, and some are men of rank. Jenny cares not who they are so long as they amuse her and make her laugh, which is all she loves."

I had already, as I have said, seen Jenny on the stage (at Mr. Hilyard's urgent entreaty, but from no desire of my own), and a very moving spectacle, I confess, it was. Her part was so full of noble sentiments that I began to understand Mr. Hilyard's admiration for acting. Why, if all actresses and actors are thus full of virtuous and lofty discourse there can be no question that theirs is truly a great and wonderful profession, and worthy of all honour. But now Mr. Hilyard told me that laughter was all she cared for. Yet she seemed in her part possessed of the finest and most exquisite sensibility. How, after this, can Mr. Hilyard persist that acting is an art which hath in it something of the Divine! To care for nothing but laughing!

"Among her friends," Mr. Hilyard went on, "who come to sup with her after the play is a certain great Whig Lord—yes, a very great and powerful Lord indeed—and yet his name need not be mentioned between us, because, perhaps, he is one of those humble Christians who love not their good deeds to be made public; or, perhaps, because all the world need not know that he goeth to sup with Jenny Lee. Well—last night, after supper, there was singing and laughing. Among the others I performed for the amusement of the Company some of those small arts of mine by which I have often, of old, beguiled the evening for his Honour and his friends."

"I know them well, Mr. Hilyard."

"Yes—I sang and played my best. But who can call anything acting when Jenny Lee is present? Yet they laughed and were amused; my Lord was so good as to distinguish me particularly, and presently I heard him whisper Jenny, and ask what was my name and condition. 'Indeed, my Lord,' said she, in her pretty roguish way, 'I shall not tell your Lordship unless you promise to grant me the next favour I ask.' 'The least favour from your hands, fair Jenny,' he replied, 'even to answer so simple a question, is richly repaid by the greatest from mine.' But I think he did not guess what she was about to ask him. 'My Lord,' she said, whispering, 'he is a most harmless, affectionate creature; he hath come up to London from the North; it is dangerous to him to venture abroad for the present because he was with the Rebels. Nay; but he went only because his Patron went, as in duty bound, and for

no Popish reasons. No one is in search of him; no one wants to arrest him; but if he be by any accident discovered and clapped in ward then will his neck be twisted and his song spoiled. Wherefore, my Lord, make this poor man safe and give him assurance of safety, and you shall have—"

"What, fair Jenny?"

"My gratitude, my Lord. Can you ask for more? He is my earliest friend. He first taught me how to act; he who helps Mr. Hilyard, helps me."

"Well; he hesitated; told her she was a witch and a baggage and a saucy rogue, and kissed her hands. Then he lugged out his tablets, wrote down my name, and beckoned to me. 'Sir,' he said, 'you owe to this lady your safety. I will take care that you are not molested; go where you please—go even into Newgate if you will.' You may be sure I hastened to thank him with my best leg, and to assure his Lordship that I was his most humble servant to command, and that for the future, after praying for his Lordship, I should cry 'God save King George!'"

To be sure, Mr. Hilyard, Tory though he called himself, was always ready to sing out lustily for the Protestant Succession.

The first day he came away from the prison, Mr. Hilyard was pensive and melancholy.

"Truly," he said, "it grieves me to the soul to see these poor fellows, once so merry and gallant, now mewed-up together in that gloomy place, where, ruffle and hector and swear as they may, every man feels as if the gallows was already in sight. The aspect of Mr. Edward Swinburne pleases me not, for he hangs his head and will hardly speak, but sitteth as much alone as may be. The minds of generous men are easily moved to shame for public disgrace; yet the part which this young gentleman took in the Rebellion was not so conspicuous that this shame should enter into his soul. He is not, like Cleopatra, reserved for the chief place in the triumph; nor like Antony, who aimed at the Empire of the inhabitable world and lost it. Yet he is as one fallen into melancholy with the shame of the defeat. Some, like Mr. Stokoe, bite their nails and walk gloomily to and fro; some, like poor Mr. Paul, caught by so cursed a mischance, weep and wring their hands; some swear that a man can die but once, and what odds, then? Some drink to forget their anxiety; one or two alone, like Mr. Charles Radcliffe and Colonel Oxbrough, preserve an intrepid spirit, and show a resolute countenance to whatever happens."

"Most of all," he went on, "I pity Mr. Patten; who, now that he finds himself fairly in for his trial, and no one likely to hale him out of prison, is falling into a dejection, which may work harm to his Honour, with whom he sits too much."

In fact, although Mr. Patten continually plied poor Tom with flatteries (more from habit than from any hope of further patronage), and assured him (contrary to the fact) that he was covered with military glory for his conduct in the campaign, his conversation was so full of gibbets, drawing, and quartering, with so many reflections on the pain and misery of quitting the world while in the very prime and heyday of manhood and happiness, that Tom grew daily more melancholy and less disposed for resignation. Every day, also, Mr. Patten found occasion to compare the happy lot of Mr. Hilyard and his freedom, with their captivity.

"Some," he said, "are born to this kind of fortune, that they may get over the wall with impunity, while others are hanged for no more than peeping over it. Others, again, keep in the background secret friends for their own use, and so procure enlargement—I would I knew of such. Some even go so far, I have heard, as to procure their own pardon at the price of giving evidence against their friends—a most monstrous treachery, indeed! Yet, Mr. Hilyard, I think it right to let you know that this is whispered against you in the Press Yard, and some there are who speak of braining the man who would thus—"

"Zounds, Sir!" cried Mr. Hilyard; "dare you—or any—insinuate that I go at large in order that they may suffer?"

"Not I, Sir—not I, certainly. I tell them that the General could not repose his confidence in you so fully unless he had first proved your loyalty. Oh! not I, indeed, Sir—believe me!"

But the mere suspicion of the thing made Mr. Hilyard so angry that he had no peace until he had conferred with Charles Radcliffe, and been assured by him that not one of the gentlemen, his old friends, believed him capable of so base an action.

I suppose it was about this time that Mr. Patten began to groan with repentance, and to accuse himself of being a great sinner. "I fear, Sir," he told Tom, "that my sin, which now weighs heavily upon my soul, may lead me to show my remorse and repentance in a way which some of my friends may not approve. Yet I am convinced that your Honour, knowing the tenderness of my conscience, will approve what I shall do."

"Why, Mr. Patten," Mr. Hilyard said, answering for Tom, who only stared, so strange was it to hear Mr. Patten talk in this way, "as for your sins, it is not for any one to contradict you since you assert the fact, and doubtless you are, like the rest of us, a miserable sinner; nor are we your father confessors to ask for further particulars; while as for what you are going to do, repentance for sin can never be disapproved by his Honour, who is a Christian man."

"Repentance with atonement, brother sinner," said Mr. Patten, groaning. "Repentance must ever be followed by atonement. Oh! that you could feel like me!"

However, they presently had a bowl of punch and made merry, Mr. Patten, in spite of his sins, drinking about among the rest.

The next day he came not to Tom's chamber, and they know not what kept him. The day after the strange news was carried abroad that Mr. Patten had received enlargement, and was now in custody of a messenger. But still they knew not why.

Two or three days after this (the impeachment of the Lords taking place in the mean time) Mr. Hilyard came to me in such a wrath and passion of rage as I had never witnessed in him before.

"Oh!" he cried, flinging his arms about, and jumping round the room; "oh! was there ever since history began so great, so unexampled a villain? Did the world ever know so deep a hypocrite? Is there anywhere a record of so canting, sneaking a creature?"

"What is it?" I asked. "Who is the villain?"

For a while I could not get him to tell me anything, so angry he was, and so much occupied in searching for hard words to throw at this new enemy.

"What has he done?" he said at last. "He has turned King's Evidence. To save his own fat neck, which might have been tightened, and no one a penny the worse, he has turned King's Evidence. For his own worthless carcass he will put all these brave fellows' heads into the noose—"

"But who is it—who?"

"Who should it be but Creeping Bob—the Reverend Robert Patten, *Artium Magister*. He it is; and Quartermaster Calderwood with him. Mr. Stokoe also pretended that he was ready to give evidence, too, and got enlargement under custody; but it was a sham, and he hath escaped. Now, indeed, there is consternation in the prison, and every man among them feels already a catching of the breath, as if he were troubled with a tightness of the neck. This was the meaning of the sin which lay upon his soul, and demanded repentance and atonement. I make no doubt but he will hasten to inform against me. Ah! double villain! But I dread him not. And to say that he hoped to preserve the good opinion of his Honour, against whom he will give evidence! Would that he would venture, but for five minutes only, his ugly face in the Press Yard! No ox ever was carried from the shambles more done to death than he



would be. As for his Honour, I have never known him more cast down and sunk in his spirits since first he was locked up."

Thus, then, was explained the warning of Lady Cowper, though I have never known how long the preliminaries had been entered upon by this reverend hypocrite.

"Why, while he talked with us and drank his Honour's punch," Mr. Hilyard went on; "he was already determined to betray us, and revolving in his mind how best to do it. Repentance! Remorse! Atonement! These are sacred words; but I shall never again be able to use them, for fear of awakening the spirit of revenge against Mr. Patten; and so while in lamenting one sin (and that, perhaps, a venial one) I may be committing another, and that a deadly sin. Never before did I so long, yea, so ardently desire to compass the death of any man, though, I own with surprise, my soul took fierce delight in letting fly among General Willis's Dragoons. But that was in battle, where one may lawfully kill and slay; while this would be stark murder. And who so eager for the Rising? Who so active to enlist recruits? Who so keen to preach the plain duty of loyal men, and the manifold justice of Divine Right? Who so clear to see the finger of the Lord pointing out the way? Who so strong for the return of the Prince? If there was a man among us all who should take the consequences it is—Creeping Bob; if any one who should go to his death with resignation, it is—Creeping Bob. Oh, villain! villain!"

This was after the Impeachment of the Lords (in which my brother was named as a Confederate), and it made us very desirous to push on our plans, seeing that now there was no hope of insufficient evidence, and every man was doomed, unless the King should pardon him. I heard from Lady Cowper that the trial of the Confederates would be taken immediately after the case of the Lords was disposed of, which would be, she thought, in a few weeks. Her husband was Lord High Steward of the Commission. Mr. Hilyard's plan was this: he would bribe Mr. Pitts, the Governor, with a large sum for allowing a door to remain open. Then he would have to bribe certain warders and turnkeys to keep out of the way; next to choose a favourable time; and, lastly, to devise a means of crossing the water. He had already, it seems, sounded Mr. Pitts cautiously on the subject, and, judging from the virtuous abhorrence which the Governor expressed as regards those who betray their trust for money, and the indignation with which he put the thing from him, yet returned to its discussion, Mr. Hilyard thought there would be no difficulty with him other than the arrangement of the price. To be sure, the Governor was reaping a golden harvest at this time, and was not disposed to be moderate in his demands. I thought my own plan better, and likely to be cheaper and as effective; therefore I resolved on first trying my friendly warder.

With this view I enjoined Mr. Hilyard not to pursue the business farther, for the moment, with Mr. Pitts, but to apply himself to finding some safe and trustworthy means of getting a man to France. I never knew, nor did I even ask, by what secret means Mr. Hilyard had information, as well in London as in the country; but presently he told me that he knew of such a Captain as we wanted—not, as you will see, the same kind of Captain as we had already treated with, for Mr. Hilyard's purposes, at Wapping. He was one who had run many a cross, and though he asked a large sum for his work, he was reported honest and trustworthy. Mr. Hilyard bargained with him that he should be in readiness against the time we should want him. But this, owing to various hindrances, and especially the jealous and hostile temper of London, was deferred until the trial of the Lords should be finished, the dreadful thirst for blood somewhat appeased, and the pulpits and journals be preaching counsels of moderation. In other words, we might have got Tom away within a month of his arrival at Newgate; but, when every strange rider along the road was being arrested on suspicion, and every harmless passenger in the street liable to be haled before the nearest Justice, we judged it better to wait.

I knew now that during this time the friends of all the prisoners were not only moving in all directions for interest in high places with which to get a pardon, but were also already devising means and ways, and secretly trying gaolers, guards, and wardens, to see if they were open to corruption, and preparing money for the time when an escape might be conveniently attempted. For the present that time was not yet come. In the end, beside Lord Nithsdale, whose wife got him out, and Lord Wintoun, who sawed his way out, and Tom, whom I got out, by the help of Heaven, there were a great many who escaped, besides those who were reprieved or pardoned, and those who were tried and acquitted. Thus Charles Radcliffe escaped in a very bold and daring manner; Captain Charles Wogan, one of the Irish messengers, a very brave fellow, made a safe escape; the Brigadier MacIntosh, Mr. Hunter, of Callalee, and Mr. Budden, the London upholsterer, escaped, with a good many others. 'Twas said that the Government rejoiced at hearing of their breaking gaol, because it saved them from the odium of many executions, and the seeming weakness of many pardons. In the end, although many were executed in Lancashire, there were only four suffered in London, besides the two unhappy Lords, namely, the unfortunate Mr. John Hall, of Otterbourn, the Reverend William Paul, Colonel Oxbridge, and Captain Gascoigne. As regards the two last, I have no pity for them, because it was on their statements that our people took up arms, firmly believing that if they led, thousands would follow. If any suffered, they should suffer; if the blood of the poor fellows who lost their lives at Preston and Sheriffmuir was on the head of any, it was on theirs. Yet why should Mr. Hall (except that he was ever unlucky after the murder of my Uncle Ferdinand) be hanged, and Mr. Clavering, of Callalee, go free? Why should poor Mr. Paul, who took no part in the fighting, be executed, and any others receive a pardon? I blame not the King for pardoning any, but I blame them because they pardoned some, and executed others who were no more guilty.

(To be continued)



COLONEL C. B. BRACKENBURY, R.A., brings to the study of the character and campaigns of "Frederick the Great" (Chapman and Hall) important qualifications. He has seen much of modern war, and has written a great deal on the problems that interest military organisms and the staffs of armies. "Frederick the Great" is a handy book, clear in arrangement, and good in style. To men fond of history, and who yet have not the time to work through Carlyle's "Frederick," Colonel Brackenbury's book should be welcome. He opens with a concise historical narrative of the Hohenzollern family, and in his treatment of the character of the Great Frederick's father is certainly sympathetic. He writes of the campaigns as one who has seen war, and draws lessons from them that should be useful to military men, and especially to Volunteer officers, for about Volunteers the author contrives to say something. "Frederick the Great" is well furnished with maps, which are, perhaps, needlessly overcrowded with names, and in which the configuration of the country is not shown as it might be. They are, of course, accurate, because they are taken from Carlyle's book, and enjoy the high approval of the German Grand General Staff. The task the author has set himself, has, on the whole, been

well performed, and the reader will rise from the perusal of this military biography with no diminution of esteem for its subject.

There are many folk curious, no doubt, about the interior of the House of Commons, and the mannerisms and attitudes of our legislators. This laudable curiosity is gratified in some degree by Mr. David Anderson in "Scenes" in the Commons" (Kegan Paul). The author in an introductory note tells us that "everything narrated in this little book I have seen with my own eyes or heard with my own ears." A quotation or two will give some idea of the matter in this work. Of Lord Randolph Churchill Mr. Anderson says, "From four o'clock in the afternoon, all through the dreary question time, he sits impatiently in his place, gently agitating his left knee, nursed above his right, and affectionately caressing his moustache. Dexter and sinister hands go up alternately to the silky darling of his lips. Fresh with rest, or haggard and pale with late hours, Lord Randolph never ceases to fondle the moustache. It lends an added joy to the unfrequent hour of victory, or while Lord Hartington, sixteen years his senior, attempts, but fails, to wither him with an assumption of patriarchal superiority." Mr. Anderson gossips in an interesting way about Mr. Chaplin, Sir Stafford Northcote, and others; but omits many names we should have expected to find. "Scenes" in the Commons" is by no means dull reading, and its author might have used his eyes and ears to worse purpose.

A very valuable book is "Academy Lectures" (Triebner and Co.) by J. E. Hodgson, R.A., Librarian and Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy. The first portion of Mr. Hodgson's book, "Art as Influenced by the Times," is a well-written historical narrative, dealing with Art and the factors in the modification of its tendencies from the time of Phidias down to that of Gainsborough and Reynolds. He regards the critical and scientific mood of the nineteenth century as inimical to the spirit of true Art, to which the childlike faith and simplicity of former centuries were more favourable, and so he says of Art to-day, "Some virtue has gone forth from it, of that there is no doubt; but it still represents something much higher than a reputation with the world, than cakes and ale. Its influence is not so universal, it has ceased to be the pulse of national life; but it is still, or may be, a bond of union between struggling souls, a voice fraught with the gracious message of hope and courage." It is not necessary that one should be an artist to appreciate these lectures. They are written so as to entertain as well as instruct the general reader, who by their publication is allowed to share in the privilege enjoyed by those who originally heard them.

If one half the world in London does not know how the other half lives, Mrs. Houston in "The Poor of the Period" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.) joins herself to the other benevolent workers who would mitigate such ignorance. Mrs. Houston, living in Piccadilly, has found time to inquire into the private lives and fortunes of many obscure individuals, and gives the result of her investigations. In one chapter she relates "how a young woman, who has no means of subsistence, takes to evil courses, and in consequence dies miserably in a hospital." In another "how a family, who neglected to make hay when the sun shone, came to bitter grief, and how, too, when it was too late, they mourned over the 'what might have been.'" Mrs. Houston would appear to have passed a considerable portion of her time in investigating the domestic secrets of every person who was disposed to be loquacious and confiding. If not always edifying, her experiences were often amusing, and occasionally brought her into conflict with other benevolent ladies. However, she brings out in strong, and often startling, relief the many cruel wrongs and sufferings which are possible under our present social system. Mrs. Houston also has had trials of her own, which she does not shrink from ventilating. A married lady living in apartments near her, would play on an elderly piano at all hours of the day and night. A gentleman in the rooms above the married lady avenged himself by walking about in thick boots, and by knocking on the floor with a walking-stick, whereupon the married lady's husband retorted by speaking to the pugnacious gentleman through a speaking trumpet at 1 A.M., and to this Mrs. Houston objected. It may be mentioned that this entertaining authoress would give even shorter shrift than Mr. H. George to great landlords like Lord Bessborough and the Duke of Westminster. The book is racy, and the many episodes in modern London life which are described in it, do credit to Mrs. Houston's activity and energy.

Very far from pleasant reading, in one point of view, is "The Lost Tasmanian Race" (Sampson Low and Co.), by James Bonwick. A nation of savages, not altogether wanting in amiability, goaded to ferocity by English colonists of the roughest type, were stamped out of existence with merciless cruelty. Those who are of opinion that some English philanthropists allow their humanitarian instincts to carry them too far, will find much in this book to justify the Aborigines' Protection Society. The fate of the inferior races when brought into contact with those esteemed superior has been often horrible, and nowhere has this been more the case than in Tasmania. The story of the extinction of the Tasmanians is well told, with a proper regard to accuracy, by the author, who is evidently well versed in his subject. He may well say, "Have we not been in our civilising processes more cruel than the savages?" Yet it must not be forgotten that large numbers of our early settlers in Tasmania came from the ranks of the English criminal class.

From Messrs. Longmans, we have the "Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, Huddersfield Meeting, 1883." Among the more interesting of the papers is one by Dr. Blake Odgers, "Should the Existing Law as to Blasphemy be Amended, and, if so, in What Direction?" Dr. Odgers holds "that it is the duty of our legislators, while, on the one hand, they protect and encourage all serious and reverent controversy on religious matters, yet, on the other hand, to make adequate provision for the prevention of blasphemous libels, which give wanton and unnecessary offence to the highest and noblest instincts of our nature." The discussion on the effect of modern education and mental overwork on the health will also repay perusal.

From Henry Sotheran and Co. we have Part IV., Division II., of "British Mezzotint Portraits," described by J. C. Smith, with additions, corrections, indexes, &c. Mr. Smith gives some interesting details about the process of mezzotinting, and a history of the origin of the art, owing to the inventive genius of Ludwig von Siegen, in the early portion of the seventeenth century, and of its progress down to recent times. Everybody, perhaps, does not know that that dashing Cavalier and Prince, "Rupert of the Rhine," was not only a patron of Art, but himself no mean artist. The lists of publishers and printsellers, the additions and corrections, the indexes of painters and of personages show a commendable regard for accuracy, and are significant of the pains taken to make complete a really valuable work.

"Water is the best thing" is a rough translation of the motto of a valuable pamphlet, "The London Water Supply: Its Past, Present, and Future" (Edward Stanford), by G. Phillips Bevan, F.S.S. Mr. Bevan's historical retrospect is interesting, and he provides a useful map showing the districts of the water companies. The author has not failed to prove conclusively that, although water is a very good thing, a share in a water company is also excellent. As London is developing in size the obstacles to obtaining a good and sufficient supply of the fluid will not diminish, and it would seem singularly unwise if Londoners should "tamper with such a momentous question for the sake of saving a few thousands a year." Mr. Bevan's little book is instructive, and deals thoroughly with its subject.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge sends us "Biographies of Working Men," by Grant Allen, B.A. The

Lives given are those of Thomas Telford, George Stephenson, John Gibson, William Herschell, Jean François Millet, James Garfield, and Thomas Edward. Mr. Allen has done his work well. His style is simple and attractive, and he has displayed great judgment in his treatment of the "Biographies." The book should give hope to the young and the ambitious.

Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson has written for the same Society "The Guild of Good Life: A Narrative of Domestic Health and Economy." In more or less story form, the industrious and learned author inculcates his views on food, cleanliness, alcohol, the treatment of children, &c., and we should imagine that "The Guild of Good Life" was a work calculated to do good.

The Reverend Bickersteth Otley, M.A., has published through this Society "Modern Egypt: Its Witness to Christ." He deals largely with the relation to Biblical study of modern discoveries in Egyptian antiquities, and is more especially anxious to call the attention of the English public to the explorations now being made in the country about Tel-el-Kebir, with a view to obtaining financial aid for the men who are seeking to throw light on the Egyptian period of Hebrew history.

"Buddhism in China," by the Rev. S. Beal, is one of a series of books dealing with Non-Christian Religious Systems published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It perhaps requires some previous knowledge of the subject on the part of the reader; but it should be appreciated by the student of theology or by those interested in Eastern thought.

"Norman Britain" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), by William Hunt, M.A., is a series of short, intelligently conceived essays on the effect of Romance, and subsequently, of English, influence on the Teutonic Northmen. Mr. Hunt contrives to give much historical instruction without demanding too great effort on the part of the reader. Another useful book published by this Society is "Thrift and Independence: A Word for Working Men," by the Rev. William Lemmy Blackley, M.A., who treats, among other things, of Trades Unions, Friendly Societies, and Co-operative trading. Mr. Blackley looks forward with hope to the adoption of the principle of national insurance.

"Thoughts and Characters" consists of well-considered selections from the writings of the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," by "A Friend." The "Friend" has used discrimination, and deserves the gratitude of all those who have learnt to admire this delightful author. "Anglo-Saxon Literature," by Professor John Earle, M.A., is a book for students of literature who would trace with care the rise of Modern English. All material for study is here in a handy form.

We note that a second edition of Mr. J. J. Aubertin's translation of Camoens' "Lusiad" has been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co.

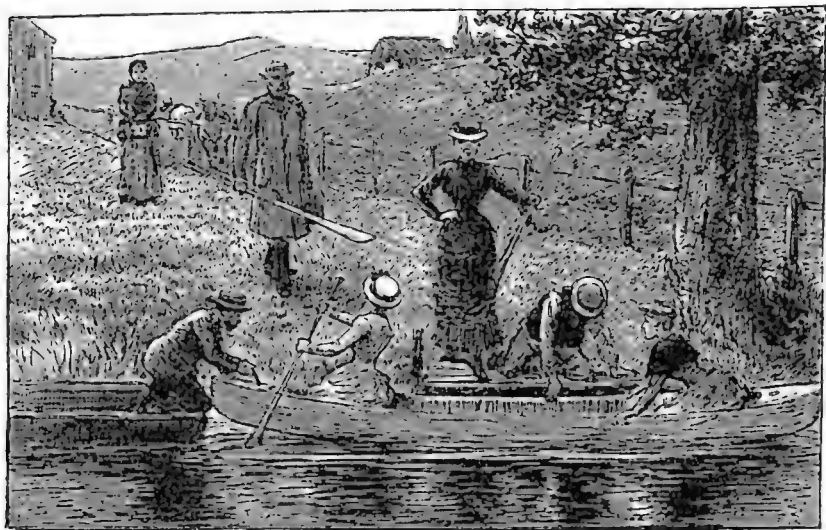


MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.—A cheap edition of "Parizadeh," a cantata for solo voices, chorus and orchestra music by Wilfred Bendall, will tend to make this work familiar to the public. This work was reviewed in our columns at the time of its production.—"Twelve Songs and Romances," for chorus and women's voices, English translation by Constance Bache, music by Johannes Brahms, are very well-selected examples of clever works by this gifted composer; they are published in two books, and will prove a welcome addition to the family repertoire.—Already familiar to many of our readers is "The Cherries are Ripe," a harvest hymn, soprano solo and chorus for female voices introduced in the tragedy of *Claudian*, the words by H. Herman, music by Sir Julius Benedict. A small edition is published for Choral Societies.—E. Geibel's charming poem, "Gondoliera," translated by Claxton Bellamy, has been prettily set to music, by Mary Carmichael, for a tenor of medium compass.—Quaint as is its title are the words of "Inclusion," a poem by E. Browning, music by Annette Leigh Hunt, for a mezzo-soprano.—"Tommy and Barbara" is the prosaic title of a sentimental song of the domesticated type, arranged for one or two voices; words by W. H. Wright, music by Carl Th. Kühne. Mothers will sing and listen to it with interest.—"Two Sketches for the Pianoforte," by Dora E. Bright, will repay the trouble of a little careful study.—The same remarks apply to "Mazurka" for the pianoforte, by A. Duvidier, which is a trifle more showy and brilliant.

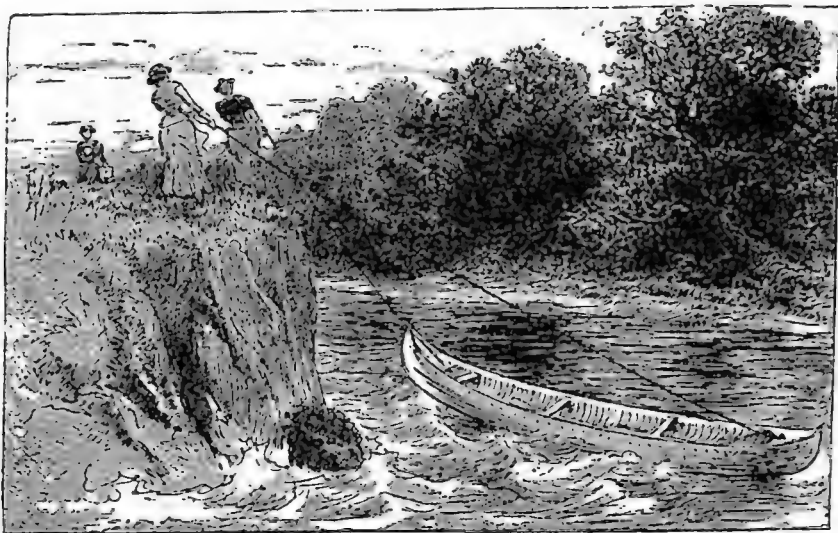
MESSRS. W. MORLEY AND CO.—"Morley's Part Song Journal," edited by Alfred J. Caldicott (Mus. Bac., Cantab), is a remarkably cheap and well got up publication, consisting of popular songs by favourite composers, simply arranged for four voices, S., A., T., B. No. 1 is "The Children's Home," by F. H. Cowen, No. 2 "The Old Brigade," by Odoardo Barri, and No. 3 "Carrier John," by Ciro Pinsuti. The above adaptor has also arranged as vocal duets for medium voices Pinsuti's "Laddie," Cowen's "The Children's Home," and other popular songs.—A brace of very good songs, written and composed by Michael Watson, are "Our Guards," published in three keys, and "The Harvest Moon." The former is a trifle boastful; the latter is piquante, and likely to become a great favourite with a mixed audience.—Two songs, music by Theo. Bonheur, of the same cheerful type as the above-named pair, are "Lassie," the words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, a meet companion for "Laddie," and "The Red Scarf," a ballad of the heroic school, words by G. W. Southey.—"Shall We Meet Again?" written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Thomas Hutchinson (Mus. Bac., Oxon.), is a love song for a tenor or baritone; whilst "Thine" is a tragic tale of a shipwreck, by K. Conrad Fraser and Emily Phillips. Both these songs merit a good place in a concert or fireside programme.—"Morley's Voluntaries for the Organ, Harmonium, or American Organ," Book V., contains thirteen original compositions by Charles J. Frost (Mus. Doc., Cantab.), of high merit.—"Morley's Album of Duets for Violin and Piano" (all in the first position) contains a choice collection of original pieces by Arthur Carnall (Mus. Bac., Cantab.) which will prove of assistance to the student of the violin.—Messrs. Morley and Co. have started an "Organ Journal" very much on the lines of the old-established "Organist's Quarterly Journal," but as yet the music is of an easier type. It is edited by Humphrey J. Stark (Mus. Bac., Oxon.). Nos. 1 and 3, "Prayer and Festival March" and "Fantasia in D Minor," are by the editor, and are well worthy of his pen. No. 2 contains "Largo" (Handel) and "Gavotte" (Gluck), arranged by the editor; No. 5 "March of the Old Brigade" (Barri), arranged by W. S. Hoyte. Although as yet in its infancy, "Morley's Organ Journal" promises to attain to a vigorous old age.—Boyton Smith has transcribed Pinsuti's "Laddie" for the pianoforte. We begin to tire of this repetition.—"My Lady Waltz," by Theo. Bonheur, is a fair specimen of dance music.

THE DIGNITY OF THE BRAHMINS has been seriously compromised in Mysore by the appearance of five of their race as engine drivers on the State Railway. Hitherto, no Brahmin would engage in mechanical pursuits, on penalty of losing caste, and the conservative portion of the community so oppose the present reform as to have seriously insulted one of the unlucky native drivers, thus causing a regular disturbance.





LAUNCHING THE "WENONA"



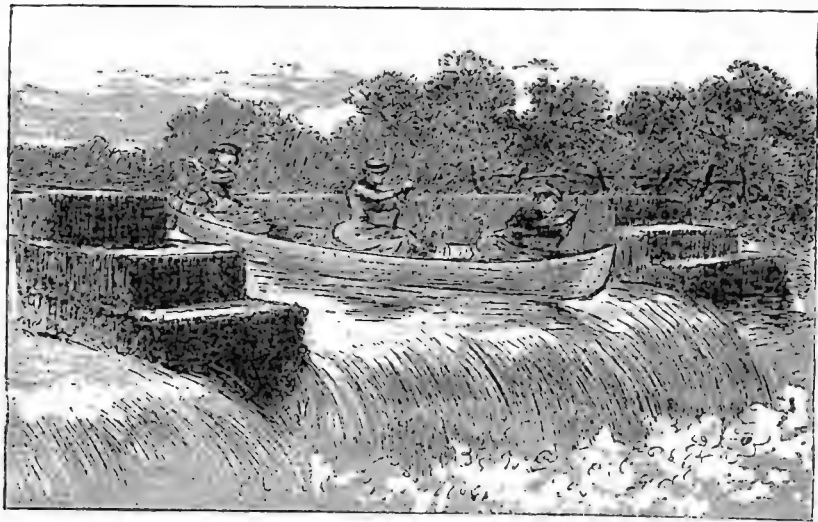
AN AWKWARD CORNER



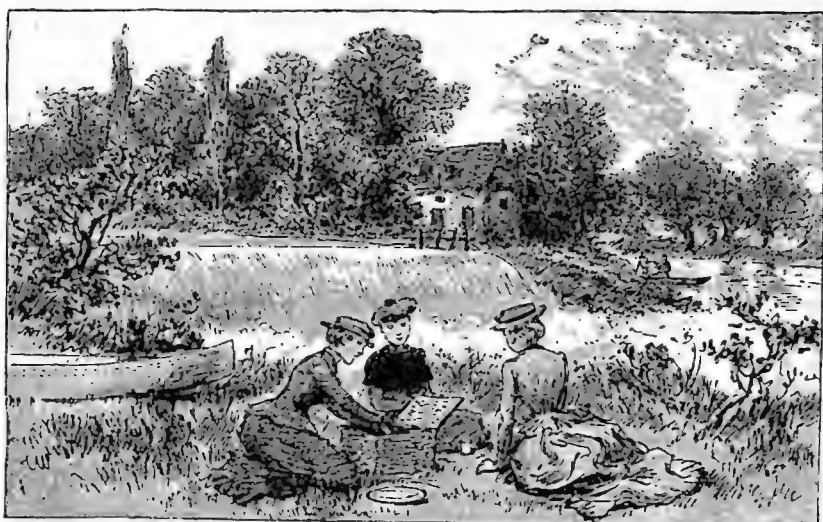
TAKING SHELTER



THE START FROM WARWICK



A BROKEN LOCK



LUNCHEON AT CLEAVE MILL



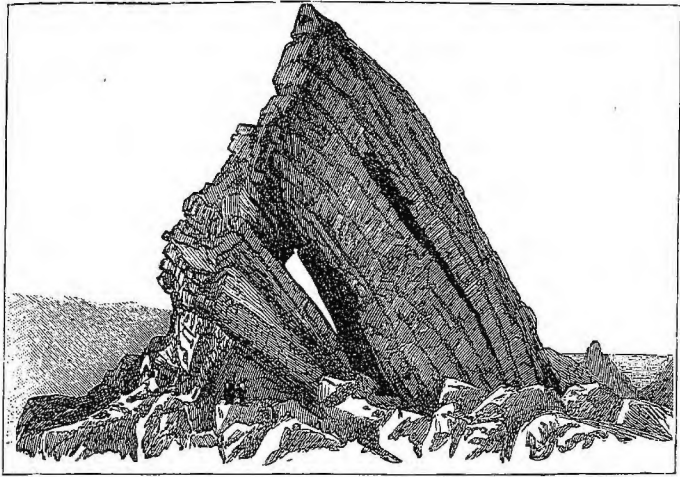
"LIE DOWN: I CAN'T STOP HER"



REACTION

A LADIES' CANOE TRIP ON THE WARWICKSHIRE AVON





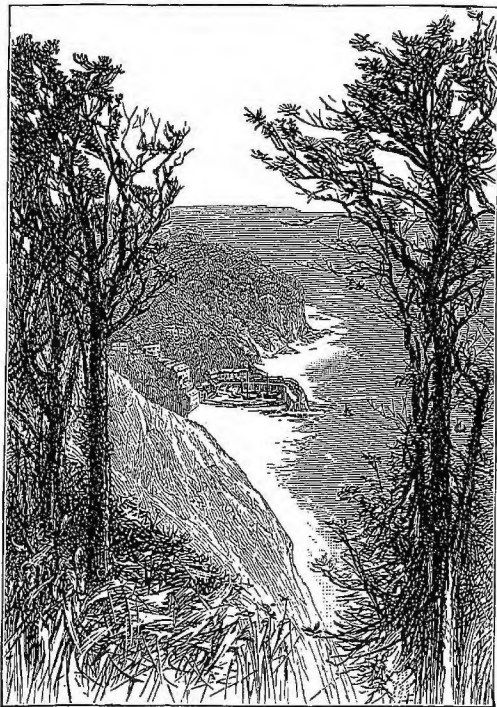
THE BLACK CHURCH ROCK



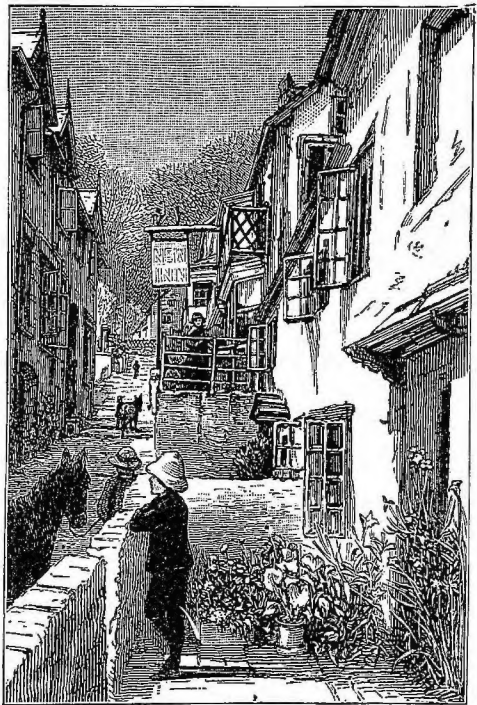
THE BEACH AND PIER



TEMPLE BAR



VIEW FROM THE HOBBY



THE STAIRCASE



CLOVELLY FROM THE PIER



THE LADDER



## NOTES AT CLOVELLY

WITHIN a long recess there lies a bay:  
An island shades it from the open sea;  
And forms a port secure for ships to ride:  
Broke by the jutting land, on either side  
In double streams the briny waters glide.

As the poet further alludes to a fishing-station perched *like a nest* on wooded hills, the question naturally arises, "Did Virgil visit us when great Caesar came, thus forestalling Kingsley by some eighteen hundred years as the discoverer of Clovelly? The Bay is possibly that of Bideford: the *island-bulwark* dividing the Atlantic tides—Lundy; and white cottages of "the prettiest village in England" nestle in a vast amphitheatre of leafy headland. A stream originally leapt down a steep cleft, with fishermen's rude huts on either side: 'tis a nook so sheltered from prevailing winter winds that "a lighted candle may be openly carried up street, with a strong nor-wester blowing." Romans would appreciate the soft air of this safe retreat, and, drawing their galleys up the beach where the harbour now is, climb the watercourse to the table-land above; and there we know was constructed a vast camp, capable of holding ten thousand men, of which three concentric furze-grown trenches remain. From this *Clausa Vallis* "Clovelly" is derived, and sojourning here, Virgil may have sketched the bay, and pencilled vignettes of coast scenery wherewith to embellish his "Æneid."

In modern times cottages rose in straggling order up either side the fall, with little connecting plank bridges thrown across. This picturesque aspect has been improved away, the water diverted, and its bed terraced into wide, shallow, pebbled steps, forming the present staircase or street. At an angle of 75° this springs from the old stone pier, rounding the gateway lime-kiln, and the spreading clumps of rhododendron—then under "Temple Bar;" and, twisting past cottage doors and low garden walls to the upper town, ends in a straight incline to the belted woods. Traffic is carried on by a staircase-carriage called a "slide," a sort of curved stretcher for conveyance of refractory barrels; and by two or three donkeys with wooden panniers, who bring up coals, and return with dust. Not bustling enough for sparrows, flocks of gay little chaffinches whistle about the steps and courtyards. Flowers bloom luxuriantly in this warm, moist atmosphere, golden mimulus being conspicuous. On one cottage front we found *camellia-japonica*, white rose, jessamine, box, ivy, and a grand tree-fuchsia, hiding the porch under countless leaves and crimson tassels: "We have to use the shears, sir, to keep it off the roof, and out of the windows." The staircase boasts a third exit in "The Ladder," or "Promenade of Artists;" here must the famous complaint have been heard, "That artists and dust-bins are in every corner." Amusements, in the usual sense of the term, are limited; the men with trombone and flageolet come with excursionists from Ilfracombe; but there is a reading-room at the highest cottage, with a few newspapers, and a cupboard full of yellow-backed novels and odd volumes; its walls are covered with *Graphic* coloured prints and portrait groups; they don't like the names on these latter, printed underneath—it's confusing; they re-write them in a bold round hand on the foreheads.

There are about a hundred houses here, and none having been added within recollection, lads and lasses seek their fortunes abroad, returning only when death has made a vacancy. The boys are away at sea,



A Corner by the Harbour

so that old folks say proudly, "There are Clovelly men all over the world." First sailors, then fishermen, they are excellent company on boating excursions. And one *must* take to the water, if only to see the place; the eye requires more distance than the beach affords to enable it to appreciate sea-walls three or four hundred feet high. But experience is usually purchased, so first essaying the shore, we walked, climbed, and struggled over debris of ruined cliffs—attention much distracted from the beautiful by efforts to remain *in equilibrio*. Some stones were slippery with weed, others rocked unpleasantly when stepped on; a querulous tourist anathematised the place: "his legs not being of iron he couldn't mount the hills to observe from above, and whenever he looked up from below, he tumbled over the stones." We left him noting down his impressions and chartered a herring-boat.

"Do you know Salvation Yeo's house, Captain?"

"Well, sir, it's now part of the Red Lion; but Yeo (it's pronounced *Yo* hereabouts) was named Robert, not Salvation."

"But Yeo was supposed to have lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

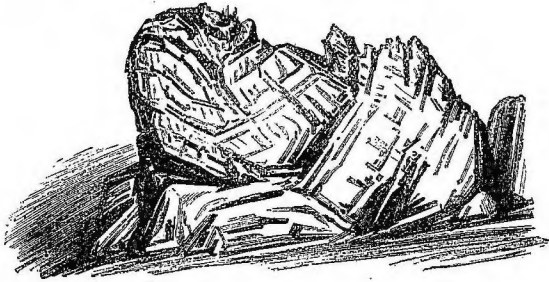
"I don't know about that, sir; but his name was Robert, not Salvation. When I was a boy, Mr. Kingsley's father was Rector here; he built a boat, and Yeo was his boatman—a tall man, and the strongest I've ever known; and I suppose that Charles, often in the boat with him, grew to like him, and put him in his book—But here comes a land breeze, sir."

"Where? I see no signs of wind."

"Those dark green lines, darker than the sea, coming this way: land breezes they are. From over the hills where the cormorants are, they drop one by one to the water; those anchored boats are tugging and leaping as they pass."

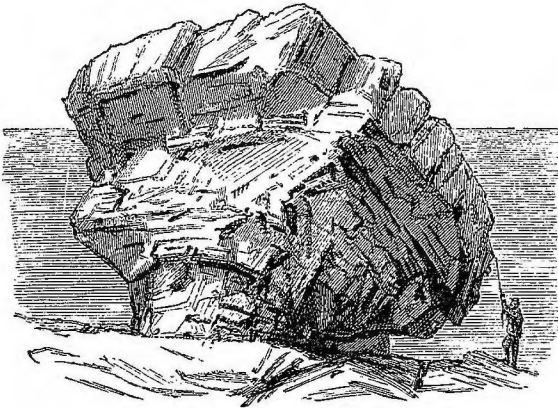
We kept in shore by Gallant Cliff, a magnificently-coloured expanse. Below overhanging bushes the strata seemed crushed or tossed into singular inclines and curvatures; time had enriched the crevices with moss and ferns and flowers, and filled with bracken each hollowed ledge. Above the shore were caves delved under arching rock, wherein on summer mornings serge-clad mermaids meet to

frollic in the breaking waves. Sailing slowly under Gallantry Bower, we heard the tradition of the Norman who kept a fair lady in a watch-tower on the heights. This cliff, a sheer ascent of four hundred feet, has its fort-like aspect strengthened by the resemblance of its rounded buttresses to the bastions of a mediæval castle. Bearing to port we neared Millmouth; boulders of ironstone stretch



Toad Rock

across the cove, fenced by black serrated ridges glistening in churning foam: "teeth of the mouth," Kingsley calls them, "one rasp of which would grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship." The Black Church Rock stands near, a double-arched red and violet pyramid, stained with green-gold lichens, and varying in tone with every drifting cloud. By its side a rock, resembling a toad or dragon; and seen when the tide is low, another like a ruined capital, which we would fain believe to be of that convex family "whose leaves, forming cups like the water-lily, close upwards like the crocus and the rose."



Ruined Capital Rock

"This coombe must be a haunt of artists—by-the-bye I've heard, Captain, that Mr. Hook put you in one of his pictures?"

"Yes, sir; I was top of the harbour steps, one leg down, and holding my missis's hand. The picture was 'The Fisherman's Farewell.'"

"How long were you saying farewell?"

"About three weeks, sir, off and on. I was a'most tired when it was finished—so was my missis."

On either side of Clovelly are cliff walks; eastward is the famous Hobby, a terraced road rising by gentle gradient from the village, to skirt the sides of three thickly-wooded hills. It winds by banks of fern and foxglove, where bright tints of campion and scarlet pimpernel are broken by chequered shade. . . . Under arches of oak, sycamore, and mountain ash, and hazels thick with honeysuckle; through pleasant darkness of beech avenues, and over ivied bridges. . . . By the profile of a great hill down whose precipitous steep day-beams fall, lighting a ravine's misty-green entanglement, and touching with white lustre the rivulet beneath. . . . And then by furze and broom up an open breezy height, with the harbour far below, and Lundy Island resting on the horizon like a faint blue cloud.

Westward is the deer-park, the path on its heathery margin leading to Millmouth. A bracing, healthful place—with freshest air, finest



The Path to the Park

trees, most enchanting glens, and broadest panorama of down and sea about Clovelly. As we rest and look over the rippled waters of the bay, from the harbour on Gallantry bower, 'tis difficult on this calm July evening to realise the terrible scenes of storm and shipwreck abounding in the records of the coast; of gallant vessels splitting on the rocks; of the bread-winners of the village swept away in a night. In one of his letters Kingsley tells us he witnessed this: "Herring boats fleeing from their nets, before the tempest. . . shrieking women and old men casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet

of wife and child. . . . A single dawn saw upwards of sixty widows and orphans weeping over those who had gone out the night before in the fulness of strength and courage."

But waning light warns us to retrace our steps—the taciturn watchman is waiting at Vellery Gate. Soon will Blake's fair-haired Angel of the Evening "draw the blue curtains of the sky . . . speak silence with glimmering eyes, and wash the dusk with silver."

H. R. D.



NOBODY who is afraid of pathos must venture upon "Guenn: a Wave on the Breton Coast," by Blanche Willis Howard (1 vol.: F. Warne and Co.). Indeed we doubt if the authoress is justified in creating so singularly charming a heroine to bring her to such a tragic end. Nevertheless she can plead the one only reason for tragedy—the inevitable. To speak of Guenn Rodellec merely as a charming heroine is to do her grievous injustice. She is fascinatingly original, and is as full of life and fire as if imagination had nothing to do with her creation. Her story is simple enough. A young painter and a Breton fisher-girl are brought together in an obscure and primitive fishing town as artist and model. She remains to him the divinest of models, inspiring him with genius, and bringing him fame; but he becomes her world. This slender framework is filled with gracefully idealised pictures of Breton life by the sea, with its innumerable peculiarities and traditions, given in such wise that the little town of Plouvenec and all its people remain real after the book is closed. No doubt the whole atmosphere is over-idealised, and the grosser as well as the brighter colours too warmly laid on; but it is as well to be enabled to see homely matters with a painter's and poet's eyes. To English readers, at any rate, it seems not a little odd to find Breton fisher-folk making frequent use of Americanisms. Of course an author is bound to translate their supposed French or Breton into his or her own native tongue; but it is not agreeable to find so marked a proof of the growing divergence between two branches of the English tongue. The legends and traditions of the most legend-haunted of coasts is not the least interesting or valuable part of this admirable story. Some will be found new to collectors of folklore. As to the stock tradition, however, that a Welshman and a Breton, each speaking his own language, are mutually intelligible, we can only advise Miss Howard to try the experiment before she accepts the authority on that point of her Père Thymert.

Mr. F. W. Robinson scarcely shows to advantage in "The Man She Cared For" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). One of his strongest points is excellence of construction, and this novel is badly constructed—the interest diminishes throughout instead of increasing, and the reader passes through a series of disappointments all the more keen because his expectations are often highly raised. The novel certainly opens well. A charming and accomplished young lady, who startles the hero of the story by coming out of Chester Gaol, at the expiration of a sentence for larceny, as coolly and frankly as if she had been making a Continental tour, and with the character, given her by the gaol chaplain, of being the best and noblest of women, looks like preparation for some highly original situation, especially as the nature of her crime remains a secret for the orthodox period. If doing nothing to show her superior nobility, Aggie Dangerfield is really a very charming and sympathetic heroine; so it is not a little disappointing to find that her sentence had been thoroughly well deserved. Her crime had not been the result of the self-sacrifice expected of her, but was a self-interested theft of documents, in which it is very strange that neither she nor Mr. Robinson appears to perceive anything wrong or mean. One is also led at the outset to expect something fresher than the conventional loss of marriage lines as the motive; and the most promising character of all, Aggie's vagabond brother, a street waif with the spirit of a gentleman, appears only to disappear. Something is always going to happen, and then fades into nothing. Instead of small things leading to great ones, large situations lead to infinitely small ones. In short, Mr. Robinson cannot be credited with having produced in this case anything better than an average novel. Only too many writers of high reputation come to this at last; but it is disappointing, in this book of many disappointments, to find the author of "Grandmother's Money" showing signs of turning manufacturer for the market quite too soon.

"Dawn" by H. Rider Haggard (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is also badly constructed, inasmuch as it divides its interest between two generations—a dangerous attempt, and only to be justified by force of circumstances which, in this instance, did not require any such attempt to be made. In other respects the story, though never particularly interesting, is often amusing. It is romantic and sensational to the last extreme. One of the leading characters affords an exceedingly ambitious study—a lady who studies sorcery in the mixed spirit of a serious adept and of one who does not scruple to bring her own predictions to pass when they refuse to fulfil themselves. The psychology of the self-deceiving charlatan is always a more or less fascinating mystery, and has never yet been fully worked out in fiction. The author of "Dawn" has added a yet more mystical element to the study—a suggestion that the claims of the sorceress to foresee and to control events by her art were at least in some measure well founded. Nevertheless, she does not rise much above the region of melodrama, to which this wild romance properly belongs. That the novel should amuse instead of making the nerves creep is obviously contrary to its intention; nevertheless, it certainly succeeds in legitimately exciting the emotion at which it does not aim. If it does not interest, it keeps curiosity alive as to what next startling situation or incident is to follow, especially as the author appears to have been guided in that matter by the law of heads and tails.

We have received also the following novels and tales, which want of space debar us noticing at length: "Two Ifs," by E. M. Abdy-Williams (3 vols.: W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.); "On Leithay's Banks," by Rosa Mackenzie Kettle (1 vol.: James Weir); "The Leavenworth Case," by Anna Catherine Green (1 vol.: Alexander Strahan); and "Down the Way," by Hope Stanford (3 vols.: J. and R. Maxwell).

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THE ITALIANS ARE NOT A NEWSPAPER-READING PEOPLE judging from the small circulation of even their most important journals. Out of 918 daily Italian papers, not one has a circulation over 20,000, and the demand fluctuates remarkably, reaching 20,000 one day and 8,000 on another occasion, while some of the best provincial organs are scarcely known outside their own provinces. The oldest journal is the *Genoa Gazette*, founded in 1797. The largest share of the papers are published in the province of Rome—200, Naples claiming 141, and Milan 120, while Sicily has 49.





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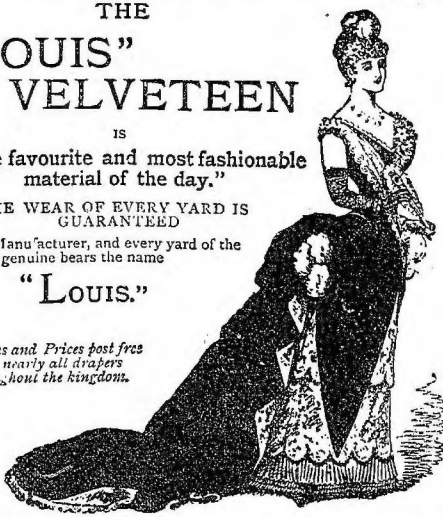
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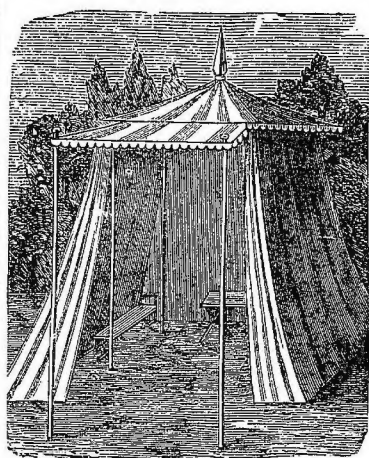
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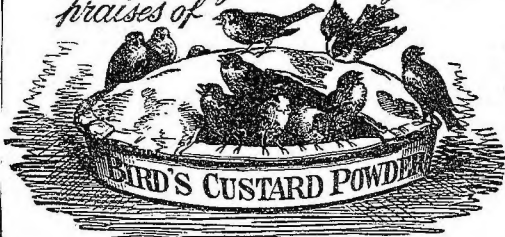
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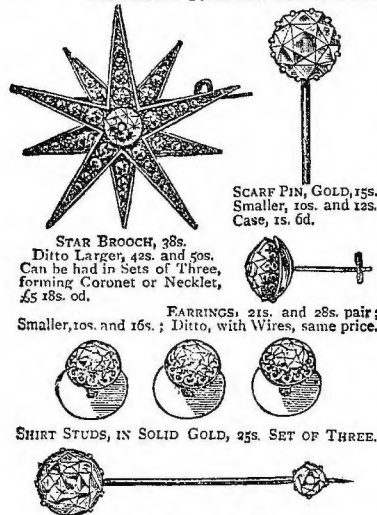
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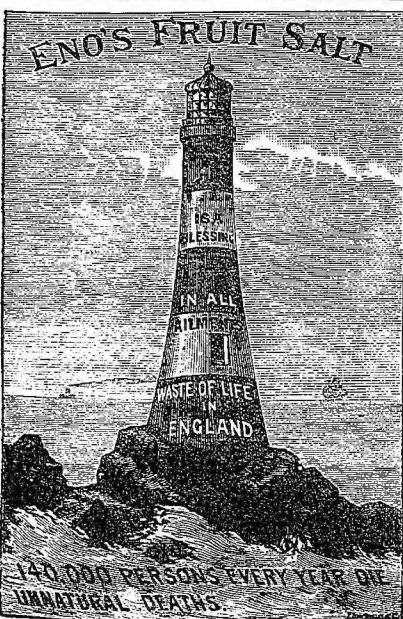
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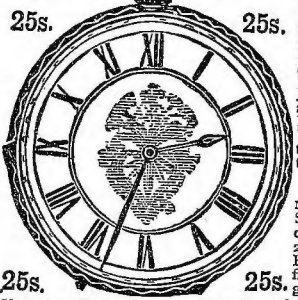
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